

# THE NAPANEE

Vol. XXXVII] No. 13—JNO. POLLARD, Editor and Publisher.

NAPANEE, ONT., CAN.

## Cereal Foods.



Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuits.  
Desicated Rolled Wheat.  
Rolled Flake Wheat.  
.....Wheat Germ.  
Wheat Farina. Swiss Food.  
.....Jersey Rolled Oats.  
Granulated Oatmeal. Farinasa.

FOR SALE BY

**W. COXALL.**

## Great Slaughter. Prices Cut and Slashed.

We have bought out a few lines of Winter Clothing from a wholesale house at our own prices and we will be able to give you the best value for your money as the goods must be sold this month to make room for spring goods. We intend to make our large stock of Ulsters, Overcoats and heavy D. B. Suits move rapidly if low prices will do it.

Boy's Frieze Ulsters \$2.75 worth \$4.00.  
Youth's Ulsters \$4.00 worth \$6.00.  
Men's Ulsters from \$4.00 up.  
Raccoon Coats \$24.00 worth \$35.00.

A large variety of Youth's and Boy's Suits to choose from at away down price.

We have a very large assortment in fine black Coats and Vests it is a bargain stock all through. There is enough for all. You can now reach the limit of the purchasing power of your dollar, come and see for yourself our big stock in Clothing and you will be pleased.

**A. M. VINEBERG.**

## Choice Christmas Groceries

Fresh new Goods at lowest prices, comprising: Raisins—finest Valencias, Californias, Sultana or Seedless, also stem and seeded in one pound packages.

Blue and Black Basket Descant Raisins. The finest Spanish stock. Currants, cleaned and ready for use.

Figs, nuts, confectionery peels, California apricots, prunes, flavoring extracts and spices.

Snowflake Pastry Flour, made by W. W. Ogilvie the largest miller in Canada. Use this and your Christmas Pastry will not disappoint you. Cream of the West, best Bread Flour, Cheese and Creamery Butter.

**TAYLOR & MORRIS,**

## NEW PLANING MILL AND LUMBER YARD.

Now in full operation. All kinds Lumber, Sash, Doors and Blinds. Custom work done on shortest notice. Get our prices before buying. Mr. Embury is prepared to draw plans for parties wanting them.

**Embury, Jackson & Co.**

## Shopping News of

ALL OF WHICH ARE OPEN

All the Fashionable Weaves of Dress  
All the Conceptions of the Silhouette  
All the Dainty Styles  
All the Popular  
All the Seasonable

## DRESS CLOTHING

We have brought together a collection of spring to say bewildering—on account of the colors. Here is a little lot worth a visit to

Whipcords, Brocades, Checks, I Grenadines, Velours,

24c.—25c.—35c.—44c.—50c.—68c.—

## INTERESTING

PONGEE SILKS

in ten different shades  
special, 25c. per yard

BLACK TRICOT

cheap at  
and our price

## WASH CLOTHING

Of all departments, that of wash goods possesses the most interest to the shopper who appreciates the importance of

Simpson's Silk Finished Foulards, worth 11½c., for 10c.  
Allen's Latonas, worth 11½c., for 10c.  
Lyon Foulards, worth 15c., for 12c.  
German Prints, extra heavy, for 12c.

## MENS' SUITS

There's an exclusiveness about the style of our suits where. Our selections for this spring designs, all the newest shades. MR. J. intends every order.

Men's Suits, to order, at \$12.50, \$13. \$13.

MISS LILEON ALLEN,  
NAPANEE, ONT.  
ELOCUTIONIST  
Is now ready for concert engagements.  
Box 196.

T. W. SIMPSON, B.A., M.D., C.A.  
Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians  
Edinburgh.  
Office—Dr. Grant's late residence, Bridge St

R. A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S.  
Physician, Surgeon, etc.  
Late House Surgeon of the Kingston General  
Hospital.  
Office—North side of Dundas Street, between  
West and Robert Streets, Napanee. 51v

HERRINGTON & WARNER  
Barristers, etc.  
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES  
Office—Warner Block, East-st, Napanee. 5v

A. S. ASHLEY,  
DENTIST  
40 YEARS EXPERIENCE  
20 YEARS IN NAPANEE.  
Rooms above Mowat's Dry Goods  
Store, Napanee.

DEROCHE & MADIEN,  
Barristers,  
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Con-  
veyancers, Notaries Public, etc.  
Office—Grange block.  
Money to Loan at "lower than the lowest" rates  
H. M. DEROCHÉ, Q.C. 51v J. H. MADDEN

MORDEN & RUTTAN,  
Barristers, Solicitors, etc.  
Solicitors for the Merchant's Bank of Canada  
etc., etc.  
Dundas Street, Napanee.  
G. F. RUTTAN.  
Private funds to loan at five per cent.

THE ROYAL HOTEL,  
Dundas Street, Napanee.  
H. HUNTER, Prop.  
This commodious hotel is centrally situated  
having every convenience for the travelling and  
business public. Large yard and sheds for  
farmers.  
(Good table, best of wines liquors, and cigars  
The comfort of guests is made a first con-  
sideration.

DENTISTS  
C. D. WARTMAN, L.D.S.  
C. H. WARTMAN, D.D.S.  
Graduates of the Royal College of Dental Sur-  
geons of Ontario, and graduates of Toron-  
to University.  
OFFICE—LEONARD BLOCK,  
Visits made to Tamworth the first Mon-  
day in each month, remaining over Tuesday.  
Rooms at Wheeler's Hotel.  
All other Mondays C. D. Wartman will be in  
Yrker.  
Napanee office open every day.

The Napanee Temperance House  
WILLIAMS' RESTAURANT.  
First-class hot meals at any hour, the best of  
everything, and all for 15 cents.  
Come and try us. You will not be disappoint-  
ed. We will give the best attention to your  
comforts.  
Board or lodging by the day or week. Oysters  
served at all hours. Good stable accommo-  
dation in connection.  
A choice line of cigars, tobacco, and soft  
drinks in stock. Opposite Campbell House.

M. A. GRANGER,  
Licensed Auctioneer  
FOR LENNOX AND ADDINGTON.  
Sales attended on reasonable terms.  
Satisfaction guaranteed  
All orders left at this office or addressed  
to Napanee Mills will receive prompt atten-  
tion.  
49 c-m-p

JAS. AYLESWORTH,  
General Business Agent.  
POLICE MAGISTRATE for the Provincial  
Electoral District of Addington.  
Conveyancer,  
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,  
Commissioner, etc., in H.C.J.  
Clerk, 7th Division Court, of the  
County of Lennox & Addington  
TAMWORTH

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.  
IN HER MAJESTY'S SURROGATE  
COURT OF THE COUNTY OF LEN-  
NOX AND ADDINGTON.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF EDWARD J.  
MADDEN, LATE OF THE VILLAGE OF NEW-  
BURGH, IN THE COUNTY OF LENNOX AND  
ADDINGTON, CHEESE MANUFACTURER, DE-  
CEASED.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revis-  
ed Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chapter 129, Section  
38, that all persons having claims against the  
estate of Edward J. Madden, late of the  
Village of Newburgh, aforesaid cheese man-  
ufacturer, deceased, who died on or about the  
seventh day of January A. D. 1898, are required  
to send in proof, per paid, or to deliver to Messrs.  
Deroche & Madien, Solicitors for Alice Madden, Administratrix of the said estate  
on or before the

5th day of May, A. D. 1898,  
their names and addresses and a full statement  
of the particulars of their claims, and the  
nature of the security (if any) held by them,  
duly verified by affidavit.

And further take notice that after the said  
fifth day of May, 1898, the said administratrix  
will proceed to distribute the assets of the said  
deceased among the parties entitled thereto,  
having regard only to the claims of which the  
said administratrix shall then have notice.

And further take notice that the said Admini-  
stratrix will not be liable for the assets dis-  
tributed or any part thereof to any person or  
persons whose claims shall not have been  
received at the time of such distribution.

ALICE MADDEN, Administratrix of the  
estate of Edward J. Madden,  
deceased, by DEROCHÉ & MAD-  
DIEN, her Solicitors.

Dated this 3rd day of February, 1898. 12d

NOT TOO OLD TO BE GIDDY.  
A Smoother Out of Wrinkles That En-  
livened the Train.

The man's mustache was streaked with  
gray, and there were a few indications  
about the corners of the eyes which told of  
years. Still he was hale and hearty and  
looked good for many a winter still. The  
woman also bore evidences of having seen  
a goodly portion of her youth get away  
from her. She, like her companion, how-  
ever, was by no means on the wane. They  
went to the Grand Central railway station  
and took a train. They were either soon  
to be married or were plighted, and they  
were very fond of each other, if surface in-  
dications could be relied upon.

When they entered the crowded car, the  
man was very solicitous for her comfort.  
He found her a nice, comfortable seat and  
saw that her wraps were cared for. Then he  
took his seat beside her. In order that she  
might not lack sufficient support in emer-  
gencies, he passed his good right arm along  
the top of the seat back. Then he gazed  
fondly at his ladylove, for such she was  
or all signs fail, and waited for her to open  
the discussion. He murmured something  
in a low tone. She promptly replied:

"Don't you know I'm getting old?"  
She looked as if she did not believe it  
and expected him to deny the impen-  
sament of her waning charms. The other  
passengers who heard the remark were  
willing to acquiesce, but not he. He knew  
better, and he said so.

"Oh, no, you are not," he answered re-  
assuringly. "You are not getting nearly  
as old as I am."

This sentiment was received with con-  
siderable approval by the outsiders, but  
the interested persons failed to observe the  
fact. Then, after one of those pauses  
which are so eloquent at times, she once  
more broke the silence.

"Oh, I know all about that," she said.  
"You are just two years older than I am.  
That's nothing."

Then there was another silence while the  
train rattled off a couple of miles more.  
Papers were laid aside, for the voices un-  
consciously rose with the occasion and  
floated to a lot of listening ears, which  
were not intended to hear what was said.  
Then once more the man:

"I think it's a great deal."  
"But I have so many wrinkles, dear,"  
she said as she leaned confidently toward  
him and looked into his eyes with trusting  
love.

"Never mind that," was the gallant re-  
ply. "I'll smooth them all out for you."

"Yah, yah!" gasped the fat man across  
the aisle. Then he gulped mightily and  
suddenly became absorbed in his paper as  
the couple turned confusedly in his direc-  
tion.

The train slowed up, stopped at the En-  
glewood station, and the couple disappeared  
from the train followed by the shrieks of  
the delighted passengers.—Chicago Chroni-  
cle.

Twenty years ago England had 11,016  
male and 14,991 female schoolteachers.  
Last year there were 63,810 female and  
only 20,270 male teachers.

# THE ROB

## OLD MISSOURI YARNS

TWO GOOD ONES PICKED UP BY THE  
TRAVELER IN JOHNSON COUNTY.

How the Rev. Dad Heiter Was Chased by  
Lightning and Beat the Flunk to the  
Ground—Romantic Story of the White  
Bridge Over Black Water.

Black Water, Sealy Bark, Big and Bear  
creeks are the water courses of this county,  
writes a correspondent of the New York  
Sun from Johnson county, Mo. There  
was a time when ghosts, gorgons, horrors  
and hair raising fancies had their  
haunts along these streams. Even today  
one comes unawares upon grave-stones in  
unfrequented places, but the names and  
epitaphs are worn away.

There is not much doubt that this sec-  
tion was the starting place of many of the  
stories which drifted and drifted until  
their identity was lost. The first white  
comers to this country were from Vir-  
ginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and the Caroli-  
nas. The first towns of the county are  
gone. You meet occasionally a man or  
woman whose grandparents knew of Col-  
umbus and Rose Hill and Beards and  
Brookstown. But these towns closed up  
years before the war.

The settlers were deeply religious from  
their viewpoint. High Blue was the camp  
meeting spot where the people met annu-  
ally and worshipped until their fervor was  
exhausted and the absolute necessities of  
their various homes called them back.

It was at one of these camp meetings  
that the Rev. Mr. Heiter told his light-  
ning experience, and the story passed  
down from one generation to another.  
One day the writer was riding over what  
is still known in Johnson county as the  
Old Shawnee trace—an old road. The  
other man pointed to a church spire.

"They had hard work to build that  
church, though," said the Missourian,  
whose existence had been confined to one  
county. "For a long time people who  
lived about here turned up their noses  
when preachers hitched and alighted. It  
was all on account of old Dad Heiter.  
That yarn of his at High Blue made skep-  
tics and lots of infidels. In them days, so  
I've heard, preachers had to do other  
things than preach. Some plowed, and  
some were builders, and occasionally, when  
they wasn't fit for anything else, they  
kept school when they could find enough  
young ones to make a school. Dad Heiter  
was a chimney builder, built chimneys to  
houses. Chimneys in them days was built  
outside of the house, and was of stone and  
sometimes of wood, in which case it had  
to be plastered inside with mud, so the  
chimney wouldn't catch fire. They had to  
use scaffolds in building the chimneys,  
and the scaffold was put up on long poles  
higher than the chimney.

"Dad was preaching at one of the High  
Blue meetings when a thunderstorm came  
up, and most of the congregation wanted  
to leave and crowd into their wagons or  
cabins. But Dad Heiter hadn't finished,  
and he called to the people to show their  
faith by staying. He said if they would  
ask the Almighty to hold back the rain  
until the sermon was over he would do it.

"Then he told of his experience with  
the lightning. He was building a chimney  
and was at the scaffold when a storm came  
up. He told how the lightning flashed  
and how the winds bent trees. He had the  
chimney all but finished, and he asked the  
Lord to tarry the storm until he got  
through. But the Lord was not inclined,  
and just then Dad saw a streak of light-  
ning making for him, and he knew he

had displaced the Lord in asking too  
much. So he flung down his trowel and  
ketchin one of the scaffold poles with his  
hands he locked his feet on the pole and  
slid down without putting on any brakes,  
and the minute he struck the ground the  
lightning which he had seen coming fol-  
lowed, and came down the pole right after  
him. Dad bent it down."

"Did the congregation stay?"  
"I've heard pap say that his pap, who  
was there right up in front, leading the  
singing, said that the congregation would  
'a' staid 'cause Dad was a power as a  
preacher as well as a chimney builder. But  
Dad hadn't more'n got the words out  
when a streak of lightning hit a barre of  
elder that set just back of the stand where  
Dad had been tearing round and split the  
barrel to splinters and belled up the elder  
into steam. Then the congregation left,  
and the people said it was a sign and that  
Dad was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and  
the meeting at High Blue broke up, and  
some of the converts who was to have been  
baptized that day backslid and there was  
more horse stealing that winter than ever  
was known in Johnson county."

"What is the connection between Mr.  
Heiter's lightning story and the church  
which you pointed out?"  
"Nothing, only Dad Heiter lived in this  
neck of the woods, and you know how long  
it takes to lame a prejudice."

There is a white bridge over Black Wa-  
ter, a sluggish stream, the banks of which  
are high and overgrown with willow,  
which gives the waters all the more dol-  
ful appearance.

"This site," said one of the Johnson  
countyites, pointing to the bridge, "was  
the only ford on Black Water up to the  
time of the breaking out of the war.  
There was a man who lived ten miles back  
who had a daughter, and she ran away  
with a young fellow who was not liked by  
her father. They had several miles the  
start before the old man found out what  
was up, and he galloped in pursuit. He  
came in sight of the elopers right here just  
as Lochinvar spurred his horse into the  
water, which was high and swift. The  
youngsters never got across, and, although  
the waters run down and search was made  
for many a day, the bodies were never  
found."

"For years after the old man's death he  
used to be seen dressed in white on his  
white horse and with a shotgun on his  
shoulder on this very site when the night  
was the blackest and the water was high-  
est. The ford was deserted, and people  
went out of their way to escape it until  
everybody of that time died off and the  
new generation built this bridge. You  
see it's white. Well, the story is that the  
county didn't paint it, nor yet any citizen.  
And some of the old women say it was  
painted by the ghost of the young woman  
who fled with Lochinvar, and that the  
ghosts keep it painted white in her mem-  
ory."

### Dentistry at Sea.

When a sailor on a deep water ship has a  
toothache, he is likely to go to the captain.  
The captain gives him something out of  
the medicine chest to put in his tooth, and  
if that doesn't cure it perhaps he pulls it.  
It is a common thing for sailors to pull  
their own teeth. Their method is to put  
a string around a tooth and pull it. But  
dental forceps are carried on deep water  
ships, on some vessels a fair outfit of them.  
A ship captain of long experience said that  
in the course of his life at sea he had  
pulled 200 teeth.

The ship's medicine chest on large ves-  
sels is like a closet or cupboard with a glass  
door built into the ship. In this chest the  
medicine bottles, gilt labeled, are ar-  
ranged on shelves that rise one above an-  
other to receding tiers. It is practically a  
well appointed little drug store. There is  
supplied with the medicine chest a book  
explaining the uses of the medicines. The  
captain is likely to have some other book  
on medical subjects which he has read and  
studied, and he is likely to have had a  
good deal of experience before attaining  
the rank of master of a ship.

The sailors are generally healthy men,  
but when occasion requires the captain  
prescribes. He is the physician. Limbs  
broken at sea are of course set there, and  
there might be circumstances in which the  
captain would not hesitate to perform a  
surgical operation.—New York Sun.

### Of Interest To Men.

The attention of the reader is called to  
an attractive little book lately published by  
that eminent Expert Physician, G. H.  
Bobertz, M. D., 252 Woodward Ave.,  
Detroit, Mich. This book is one of gen-  
uine interest to every man and its plain  
and honest advice will certainly be of the  
greatest value to any one desirous of secur-  
ing perfect health and vigor. A request  
for a free and sealed copy will be complied  
with, if addressed as above and THE NAPA-  
NEE RECORD mentioned.



# THE FREE PRESS.

CANADA—FRIDAY, MARCH 4th 1898.

\$1 per Year in advance; \$1.50 if not so paid.

## of Spring Novelties

OPEN FOR INSPECTION.

Dress Goods.  
e Silk Loom.  
yles of Wash Fabrics.  
pular Veiling Creations.  
e Seasonable Fads in Men's Suitings.

## GOODS.

pring fabrics which are truly tempting—if not to  
the great variety of weaves and wide range of  
visit to see:

as, Plaids, Stripes, Cheviots, Tweeds,  
urs, Poplins; Creponnes, Mohairs.

—68c.—75c.—89c.—\$1—\$1.25—\$1.50.

## TING SILKS.

NICOTINE SILK | BLOUSE SILKS

leap at \$1 in all shades and designs  
our price 75c. from 25c. to \$1.25 per yard

## GOODS.

esses a freshness peculiarly its own. Wise is the  
e of early selections.

Foulard's, worth 12½c. for 9c.

½c., for 8½c.

½c., for 10c.

vy, worth 20c, for 15c.

## SUITINGS.

f our men's suitings which cannot be found else-  
spring are simply magnificent—all the newest  
IB. JAMES WALTERS, our cutter, personally super-

\$13.50, \$15, \$16, \$17, \$17.50, \$18, \$20.

## LUMBER.

If you are in need of Lumber of any kind, call and inspect our  
stock and get prices.

Rough Lumber \$6.00 and \$8.00 per M.

Dressed Lumber of all kinds always in stock, also Doors, Sash,  
Mouldings, &c.

Lath, Shingles. Portland Cement, Land Plaster, Pressed Brick, Mill  
Wood, and Cordwood. Your patronage Solicited.

**The Rathbun Company.**

R. SHIPMAN, Agent.

## NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY.

To Correspondents.—Persons sending in  
items from the surrounding district must  
sign their names to correspondence as a  
sign of good faith, not for publication.  
Any correspondence received without the  
name attached will not be published.

### CAMDEN EAST.

Miss Ethel Burgess spent Sunday in  
Napanee with her sister.

Miss Frances Burgess, who has been  
spending a few days with her parents at  
Hartington, has returned home.

Mr. John T. Empey, of Switzerville,  
visited at Mr. C. Switzer's of Camden East  
on Sunday last.

INSTANT RELIEF guaranteed by  
using MILBURN'S STERLING HEAD-  
ACHE POWDERS. No depressing after-  
effect.

### ODESSA.

Miss Nellie Wilson has left our midst on  
an extended tour for a few months intending  
to visit her sister, Mrs. Rev. August, in  
Manitoba, before her return.

Miss Annie Sproule, Charles Watts and  
wife, spent last week in Belleville with  
friends.

Mr. Smart, Brockville, at B. Derbyshire's  
for a few days last week.

P. A. Mabey spent a few days last week  
at Phillipsburg with his father's also attending  
the wedding of his sister, Mrs. Roblin.

J. G. Ettinger and family, of Kingston,  
at George Watts' for a few days.

IT'S so pleasant to take that children  
cry for it, but it's death to worms of all  
kinds. DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP.  
Price 25c. All dealers.

### BATH.

Mild weather prevails once more and the  
farmers are making good use of it hauling  
wood etc.

Mr. J. M. Lyst is buying lots of grain  
and is storing it in the stone building at the  
corner of Main and Davy streets.

There will be no horse races here this  
winter on account of the ice not being safe.

Mr. J. H. Montgomery of the firm of  
H. D. Bibby & Co. Kingston, gave our  
village a call on Sunday last.

Miss Dollie Cunningham spent Sunday  
last at home.

Miss Northmore, of Cataragui, is the  
guest of Mrs. Maxwell Robinson, Main St.

Mrs. Perry Vanslyck has returned after  
visiting friends at Selby.

Mr. Chas. Wright has purchased the  
ponies formerly owned by Mr. Thos.  
Edwards.

Most of the empty ice houses are being  
filled this week.

### HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

To be beautiful we must have pure blood and  
a clear skin. BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER purifies  
the blood and makes the skin bright and clear.  
It cures all skin and blood diseases. Witness  
the following: "I had scrofula on my face for  
some time, and could get no relief until I tried  
B.B.B. One bottle healed me and left no scars.  
It is the greatest blood purifier in existence."  
MARY C. BERRY, Toronto, Ont.

### KINGSFORD.

Mr. Editor, I will again endeavor to send

### TAMWORTH.

A former popular pastor, Rev. J. P.  
Wilson, chairman Bowmanville district, is to  
preach at the Methodist church anniversary  
here on March 13th, on the following  
Monday evening he is to give a popular  
lecture in the town hall. Mr. Wilson is  
deservingly popular here both as a preacher  
and socially. Admission to lecture 10c.

Politicians are in no excellent mood as  
the returns of the elections came in while  
one party is saying "it might be wise" the  
other replies, it is much better.

Another dance was held in Coxall's hall  
last week. The night was stormy.

N. Carscallen reports a good time at  
A.O.U.W. convention in Toronto.

Scarlet fever now in the home of Mr.  
Barton is causing alarm in the village.

### ROBLIN.

Karr the great, the original, and the only  
exhibited his chamber of political horrors  
here on Monday night last. A brass band  
and two lawyers from Napanee were in  
attendance. Another show like this and  
Roblin will be gris forever and ever. The  
boys say that the big three and their brass  
band out no ice in Roblin. Rum Rome  
and the Ross Bible derailed the Karr.  
The spit in the Liberal party that Karr  
told about was not big enough to admit an  
Irish agitator. If the Hon. G. W. Ross is  
a thief according to Karr! who stole the  
votes at Roblin? The rolling tide that was  
to sweep Hardy into oblivion, which Karr  
saw with prophetic eye, was only a drop of  
sweat hanging to his eye-brow. Karr's  
story about dog meat and fleas is now in  
pickle. Look out for it at the next Sunday  
afternoon temperance meeting.—Observer.

### WESLEY.

A grand party was given by Mr. and  
Mrs. Cornelius Clancy, of Wesley, last  
Friday to about thirty-five young folks.  
Games were indulged in until about 10.30  
when supper was served. After tea, games  
were continued until the wee hours of morn,  
all departing well pleased with the evening  
entertainment. The young folks wishing  
Mr. and Mrs. Clancy the best prospects of  
the season. Among the guests were: Mr.  
Joseph Pans, Miss Eliza Paul, Miss Irvin,  
Mr. B. B. Price, Miss E. Wilson, Mr. C.  
E. Wilson, Mr. B. Wilson, Miss Shields,  
Mr. E. Nugent, Miss E. Yeomans, Mr. F.  
Dunlop, Miss O'Shields, Mr. T. B. Shorts,  
Miss I. Nugent, Mr. J. Paul, Mr. H.  
Nugent, Miss G. Clancy, Mr. E. Sexsmith,  
Mr. and Mrs. Sherley Paul, Miss M. Paul,  
Miss A. Clancy, Mr. Albert Clancy, Mr.  
F. Paul, Miss Lake, Mr. Walter Paul,  
Miss McGill.

### NEWBURGH.

Mr. Editor, the craze of the past few  
weeks has come and gone and James Reid  
stands victorious until we hear from the  
back townships.

The concert given by the Sons of Temper-  
ance was something of excellent character  
especially the song "John Brown."

The election in our little village was  
something quiet not even one being full up  
to the neck when the poll closed at 5 p.m.,  
James Reid stood ahead with a majority of  
39.

The public meeting held on Monday  
evening was very exciting. The meeting  
was addressed by Mr. Wattman, Mr. Reid,  
Mr. H. Deroche, Q. C. Mr. Richards acted  
as chairman.

# BINSON CO.

**COAL**  
\$4.50 to \$5.50.

For your winter's supply of Coal go to

**DAFOE'S**  
—AT THE—  
**'BIG MILL'**

and choose from the best stock of Hard Coal offered in Napance. And at prices to suit the times.

**\$4.50 to \$5.50 per Ton.**

I have nothing to say about other people's Coal but will guarantee my own to be equal to any Coal sold in Canada, and mined in the Scranton District. Call at the office and see samples and get prices before purchasing. We give value for your money and 2000 pounds for a ton.

**J. R. DAFOE.**

**The Irish Difficulty.**

I believe that the full development of agricultural organization points the only way by which the agricultural industry in Ireland can be saved. The Irish farmers, who formerly had to compete only with their fellow workers in the United Kingdom, are now brought into competition with the farmers of the whole world. The time has come when they must intelligently apply to their industry those methods of combination which I have been resorted to by those engaged in every other industrial undertaking, and by farmers of other countries. The system by which we are seeking to attain this result has already proved its economic soundness, and it is only lack of funds sufficient to send organizers qualified to educate bodies of farmers, who are ready to listen to them in almost every parish in Ireland, in its principles and procedure, which delays its universal adoption. May I point out that in providing the sinews of war a splendid opportunity is open for some wealthy lover of Ireland to confer upon her people an incalculable boon?

The principle upon which under modern conditions the salvation of Ireland must be sought becomes more manifest every year. The Irish difficulty has long been rather economic than political, and it is rather economic than today. Solve the economic problem, and in the process the Irish people will be so elevated and strengthened that they will be able to solve the political problem for themselves. I am firmly convinced that all future attempts to deal with the Irish question on purely political lines are doomed to share the fate of Irish policies in the past.—Right Hon. Horace Plunkett, M. P., President Irish Agricultural Organization Society, in North American Review.

**The Smoke Device.**

There is a curious way of disposing of the smoke and gas from a tunnel. The smoke is provided in a curtain, hung at the top so that when it is dropped it covers the entire mouth of the tunnel. When a train enters the tunnel, the curtain at that end is dropped, and it is kept down until the train leaves the other end of the tunnel. The result is that all the smoke and gases are carried along with the train and forced into the open air at the farther end of the tunnel. It is asserted that this plunger action is so perfect that smoke from an engine seldom reaches as far back as the middle of the train. Scientific men are puzzled to account for the success of the

**AS TRUE AS IS MY LOVER.**

A robin in the cherry tree,  
Beside the hedgerow swinging,  
Amid the snowy blossoms there,  
All blithesomely was singing.

Blow gently, winds from heaven's gates,  
O'er hedge and orchard cover.  
Thy wayward steps and fickle kiss  
Are true as is my lover.

And through the trees the sunlight came,  
A golden mantle flinging,  
While in the tree the robin still  
His melody was singing.

Above the drooping, rustling leaves,  
O sunlight, softly hover,  
Thy semblance fair and changing hues  
Are true as is my lover.

And past the hedge a brook flowed down,  
A breath of music bringing,  
And still among the blossoms white  
The robin soft was singing.

Dream on, O brook, with lightsome heart,  
Past hedge and garden cover,  
Thy careless songs and shallowness  
Are true as is my lover.

—Ernest McCaffrey in Woman's Home Companion.

**A GEOLOGICAL PRISON CELL.**

**An Instance of Nature Coming to the Assistance of the Law.**

"Speaking of caves," remarked the drummer whose territory extends from New York to everywhere, "I suppose you don't know that down yonder in the cave section of southwestern Kentucky it isn't unusual for the towns which are built over caves to use them as sewers, and there's many a kitchen with its sink leading right down into the depths of the earth. But an even odder use than this to which nature may be put I discovered in the cave country of Virginia.

"The little town of Eldradge, with a population of 600 or 700, has a large contingent of miners to be handled by the authorities, and when they get ugly they are ugly indeed. Two or three 'coolers' for their accommodation when drunk and disorderly had been burned or torn down by them, and the town marshal was hard put to know what to do. At last the editor of the local paper suggested that the cave in the mountain not 300 yards from the city hall would be just the thing for a calaboose, and the marshal proceeded to investigate. He found that the way then in use to get into it was down a ladder 30 feet through an entrance 6 or 8 feet in diameter, and that when once in the cave the air was dry and good; there was a stream of fine water, and that, though it was dark, the electric light could be introduced easily from the town plant.

"That was his report, and without saying anything much to anybody beds and boards and a few other pieces of necessary furniture were taken down, and on Saturday night when the boys began to whoop it up and were taken in they were carefully let down into the cave by a rope on a portable winch that had been rigged over the mouth and silence prevailed on the face of the earth. The lights were turned on and it was bright and cheerful; the boys had all the room they wanted; they could do as they pleased (down there), and the loudest noise they could make couldn't possibly be heard on earth. That plan worked with eminent success until one night there was a fight and a man was hurt, and then the authorities fixed up some cages, or pens, and an officer went down first to receive the visitors and care for them on their arrival. It has been working that way ever since and is undoubtedly the safest prison in the whole country and is the cheapest and most enduring."—Washington Star.

**Miles of Hair.**

Few women consider that they carry some 40 or 50 miles of hair on their head. The fair haired may even have to dress 70 miles of threads of gold every morning.

The accuracy of some parts of the locomotive is ten times finer than in the watch, but for absolute measurement the accuracy in the watch is almost three times as fine as in the locomotive.

Mr. Editor, I will again endeavor to send in a few items of the times in our quiet village.

Mr. Thos. Doyle has resigned business in this place and proposes taking up business in Forest Mills where he has purchased the property of Mr. G. W. Shepherd.

A number from here went to Kingston to attend the funeral of his Grace Archbishop Cleary.

Some of our young folks attended the tea meeting in Lonsdale and reported a pleasant time.

Miss McGurn spent Saturday and Sunday as the guest of her cousin Mary Doyle.

Mrs. and Mrs. Hyka and daughter have returned home after a short visit with their many friends.

Miss Maggie Murphy is again in our midst after a visit in Deseronto.

Rumor says two weddings in the near future.

**HACKING COUGH CURED.**

GENTLEMEN.—My brother was troubled with a very bad hacking cough, but after using three bottles of Norway Pine Syrup he was completely cured. I cannot recommend it too highly.

MISS M. BRADSHAW.  
Wesleyville, Ont.

**ADOLPHUSTOWN.**

Our correspondent has been rather negligent of his duties of late, and as we are sure you are anxious to hear from our growing little town, we send you the following items.

Miss Mamie Mallory is somewhat better, though her recovery as yet is rather slow.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Barton of Demoreestown were the guests of J. F. Koblin, over Sunday.

Our pastor's wife, Mrs. A. L. Adam, is very ill, at the home of her parents in Peterboro. We are anxiously waiting for news as to her condition.

Miss Nash is spending a few days with Miss Allen.

The Epworth League of Christian Endeavor of the P. E. L. Methodist church have decided to hold a concert and social Wed. 16th for the purpose of defraying the expenses of an organ. A grand time is expected. The programme will be furnished by foreign and local talent and refreshments will be served by the young ladies of the League. All for 15c.

The Women's Missionary Auxiliary held their open meeting last Wednesday, and was quite a success both financially and socially.

We are sorry to state Mr. J. Dettlor and family of the 3rd con. are leaving our midst.

**A CODE OF SIGNALS.**

Nature has a code of signals—a listless step and tired, weary feeling are in the code. They show that the system is run down and dragged out. Nature's medicine for this is Milbur's Heart and Nerve Pills—they benefit the entire system, brace the nerves, and brighten the brain, curing nervousness, sleeplessness, and palpitation of the heart, etc.

**PLEASANT VALLEY.**

Well Mr. Editor, I thought I would write a few lines for your valuable paper.

Mr. E. R. Sills has finished drawing away his onions.

Quite a number from here attended Empey Hill Tea and report having had a good time.

Our school is progressing favorably under the able management of Miss G. Cleworth.

Miss Ida Cline and Mr. Menzo Grooms called on Miss Bata Sills.

Miss Lona Smith is convalescent.

Mr. Aylsworth Sills has returned home after making a prolonged visit with friends at Kingston.

W. B. Sills makes his regular trips across the hill, what are the attractions Welling ton.

Mrs. Gies. Snider has returned to her husband at Cleveland, Ohio, after a lengthy visit with her sister Mrs. Elias Smith.

The party at the restaurant was a decided success. Bata says "she danced all night till broad day light." And went home with "High" in the morning.

Miss B. che Dupree had a quite a las we k. Every one rep to a good time.

Rumor says two weddings, so on. Tom is a favo ite ame.

Visitors.—Mr. Kingst n and Shaw at S. K. Duprees; Mrs. Amos Hamby at her mother's; Mr. Fred Cline, at E. R. Sills; and Miss Huffman, at Mr. J. Locheads, and a lot more that I can't remember, only I know I went to see my best girl last night and she helped me make this up.

I'm a grit and pa is a tory but he says I can vote which ever way I like.

**STAMMERING**

and other special impediments permanently cured by a Physician who was himself an inveterate stammerer. For particulars address Box 249, Berlin, Ont.

Mr. H. Deroche, Q. C. Mr. Richards acted as chairman.

Miss Collier, of Napance, returned home on Tuesday last.

Miss Shields, of Tamworth, is visiting at Mr. Wm. Nagents.

The programme for the tea meeting was grand. Miss Falcener being present and Mr. Rowland Paul, tenor, of St. James church, Montreal.

**Yellow Skin and Eyes.**

Biliousness causes yellow skin and eyes, tired weary, sluggish feeling, etc. BUNDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER cleanses the blood and regulates the liver, curing all its diseases. From a child I suffered from biliousness and headache, and all the money I spent for medicine brought me no relief. Four bottles of B.B.B. cured me completely, however, and I gladly recommend it."

MRS. W. C. LEMAN Toronto, Ont.

**PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY.**

Mr. H. B. Bistol, of the firm of A. Bristol & Son, Picton, has lately arrived home from England where he has been for some time past buying goods for the spring and summer trade.

The True Blues have purchased the McQuaig house in town for their Protestant Orphan's Home and expect to be established therein, soon.

Messrs. George B. and Charles VanBlaricom, of Belleville, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Portland Benson, Sophiasburgh, Friday of last week. George B., was lately editor and proprietor of the "Mount Forest Confederate." He is now resting from his editorial labors and renewing old acquaintances before again entering the journalistic arena.

Election is over and the Conservatives in this county are jubilant. They have succeeded in electing their man. "Patronism is dead," they cry, and they think they buried it Tuesday night. Well perhaps, but Patron principles remain the same and the thinking farmers of this county are holding as tenaciously to them as when Patronism first dawned here. The upshot of it all will be the combining of the farmers into one solid body that will be an important factor in political affairs. Lennox is to be congratulated on electing a farmer, for doctors and lawyers have had their innings, now let them give the farmers (the backbone of their county) a chance.

The snow has received notice to quit.

The dancing class, under Miss Holder, of Kingston, will be continued for another term.

The fire brigade are dissatisfied with the quality of the hose the town council has decided to purchase.

Hamilton Armstrong The Leading Grocer is selling groceries provisions, flour, salt etc., at away down prices. The best 25c Japan tea ever offered to the public, now on hand. Give me a call. Campbell House Block.

The rate war between the C. P. R. and the G. T. R. is on in real earnest and both are slaughtering prices like a departmental store on bargain day. A trip to the coast only costs \$30 now, and the rate from Napance to Toronto on the G. T. R. has been reduced from \$4.50 to \$2.50.

Here is a woman with a record for nerve. She was jailed at Tweed because she was the means of putting a charge of buckshot through a neighbor's trousers. She was in the lockup awaiting commitment to Belleville on the charge of assault with intent but she broke out and escaped. Her name is Mrs. Hannah Sedore.

**CANT BUDGE THEM.**

Science is Right 99 times in a Hundred

—Medical Science says that Pills and Powders will not Dissolve the Solid Secretions which cause Kidney Disease.—It has Proven that a Liquid Kidney Specific will do so, and Thousands have Testified that South American Kidney Cure, a Liquid Specific for Kidney Disease, has done so.

The secret of the success of the American Kidney Cure is the fact that it is solely a kidney specific. It dissolves the uric acid which is really the base of all kidney diseases. And it is only when these solid matters and secretions have been dissolved and eradicated from the system that a cure can be hoped for. Pills and Powders from a medical science standpoint, can hardly be expected to do what this liquid remedy has done. The people are learning it. Mrs. Norman E. Cook, of Delhi, Ont., says: "I tried no end of remedies—pills, powders and porous plasters, and all were in vain. Five bottles of South American Kidney Cure completely restored me to health."



# THE RENOWNED GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS THE DOMINION PIANOS AND ORGANS

EVER GOOD AND RELIABLE

## TUNING AND REPAIRING

SECOND HAND INSTRUMENTS  
BOUGHT AND SOLD.....

THE DISCOUNT SALE STILL GOING ON.

**W. A. ROCKWELL.**

# READY FOR THE START!

At 7 a.m.

On TUESDAY, MARCH 1st,

THE DOOR OF

# The New Store

Swings Open for Business.

This building has recently been refitted by us, and on March 1st will be ready for inspection with a fine new stock of

## Staple and Fancy Dry Goods HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, and Ready-Made Clothing.

This extensive stock has been selected with the greatest care from the leading manufacturers and wholesale houses of Canada, and will be placed upon our counters at prices that will secure for us a liberal patronage from the people of Napanee and surrounding country.

All goods marked in plain figures. Our motto—Cheap for Cash, one price to all.

**J. J. KERR**

Dundas Street, Napanee.

**WANTED.**  
MEN TO SELL FOR THE FORTNILL  
NURSERIES, OVER 700 ACRES OF  
CANADIAN GROWN STOCK. WE  
IMPORT NO STOCK FROM THE STATES.

Farmers, farmers' sons, implement agents, students, teachers, retired ministers, energetic clerks who wish to make advancement, and the work of selling our Hardy Home Grown Nursery Stock, pleasant as well as profitable. We want more such men this season as the demand for goods is increasing owing to the fact that we guarantee all our stock free from San Jose scale.

We make contracts with whole or part time men. Employment the year round. To pay both salary and commission. Write us for terms. Outfit free.

STONE & WELLINGTON,  
Toronto, Ontario.

### FARMERS ATTENTION.

Insure your property in the Lennox and Addington Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Because it is a Home Company. Because it is a Safe Company. Because it is the cheapest and best. Because it affords the most liberal policies to patrons. Because it insures only (isolated) non-hazardous property.

It is said that Alex. Karr's trail can be traced through Lennox by the votes Dr. Meacham lost.

THE EXPRESS is a good prophet. We said Mr. Aylsworth would be elected by a majority of 50.

THE Czarina of all the Russians has been stricken with smallpox. Even the great are not exempt from the ills of life.

Louise in pink and filmy lace.  
A fay in blue, the sweet Irene,  
Minerva of the classic face,  
In glowing red a stately queen,  
A court of beauty's honor maid!  
The richest robe from royal loom  
Best mates such loveliness, yet aids  
Not cheeks that shame even roses' bloom.  
But, though them all I do admire,  
I turn from ballroom visions back,  
From beauty, colors, jewels' fire,  
To seek a little girl in black.

### THAT APPLE STORY.

Did Noah Webster Steal It, or Did the Irish Steal It From Noah?

Said an old man who was an ardent admirer of Noah Webster:

"Was Noah Webster a plagiarist or did the English steal from him? I was led to ask these questions by being shown the Universal Spelling Book, published in Dublin in 1839 by T. Tegg & Co., which contains the story of the boy that stole apples, with an exact reproduction of the Websterian illustration. It runs as follows: 'An old man found a rude boy upon one of his trees stealing apples, and desired him to come down, but the young saucer box told him plainly he would not. "Won't you?" says the old man. "Then I will fetch you down." So he pulled up some tufts of grass and threw at him, but this only made the youngster laugh, to think the old man should pretend to beat him out of the tree with grass only. "Well, well," says the old man, "if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in stones." So the old man pelted him heartily with stones, which soon made the young chap hasten down from the tree, and beg the old man's pardon."

"Now, when I first read that story, something more than 50 years ago, no doubt entered my mind that it was made in Connecticut. And the picture accompanying it—was not that little house Jerry Griswold's, and the 'old man' Priest Pruden? And the boy, did he not bear a striking resemblance to me in my best white trousers? All these impressions remained until recently, when I saw the picture in the Universal Spelling Book, where it looked wonderfully Irish to me. I wish some of you fellows would find out whether Noah Webster was a plagiarist or the victim of British publishers."

"In the 'Universal Spelling Book' under the heading 'Words of Seven Syllables Accented on the Fifth Syllable,' I find circum-na-vi-ga-tion, and, under the line 'Words of Five Syllables Accented on the First Syllable,' fa-shi-on-a-ble, and having got so far I didn't wonder any more that some of my Irish brethren find it difficult to catch on to the pronunciation of English words. But that is only a small part of what the 'Universal Spelling Book' contains. It has a treatise on English grammar, followed by the principles of politeness by Philip Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield, and a number of fables, stories, etc., besides the 'Boy and the Apple Tree,' which concluded the old man.—Utica Observer.

### An Eastern Shore Question.

Strangers tell us it is a fact that after the formalities of an introduction to an eastern shore man at his own home always follows the question: "Is this your first visit to the eastern shore?" The origin of this custom was set forth by an eastern shore man at a Cincinnati banquet at Newport, R. I., some years ago, when he was twitted about the peculiarity of his countrymen. The story is a true one.

When General Lafayette accepted the invitation of congress in 1824 and came to this country as the nation's guest, a great reception was tendered him at the state-house in Annapolis officially by the state. The governor of Maryland at that time was an eastern shore farmer, who lived on his farm except when the general assembly was in session or when he was called to Annapolis at other times on official business. Of course his presence was indispensable at the Lafayette reception. His function, indeed, was to introduce the distinguished guest. The governor made the trip on horseback around the head of the bay, clad in a homespun suit made on his own looms. The roads and weather being worse than he calculated for when he left home, he did not reach the capital until the day of the reception and after all the other notabilities were there and waiting for the governor, who was hastily ushered into the senate chamber, his clothes splashed with mud just as he was when he dismounted. The distinguished people in splendid array in the chamber confused the plain and patriotic eastern shore governor, and when he was presented to Lafayette he could think of nothing to say for the moment, and blurted out, "Is this the first time you were ever in this country, general?" and from the day the eastern shore governor made that faux pas to this the question is religiously, patriotically and proudly put to the stranger when his footsteps first touch the eastern shore strand.—Baltimore Sun.

## Acute Rheumatism

Pains in the Foot and Limb—A Complete Cure Accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a vial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure meant a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post." WILLIAM HASKETT, yardman, Grand Trunk Railroad depot, Brantford, Ontario.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. 61¢ six for \$5.

are purely vegetable, carefully prepared. 25 cents

## Hood's Pills

## A SCORCHER CURED.

The Standwell Wheelers were annoyed. Half of them, the fastest men in the club, had been to supper at Dicky Carmichael's rooms and were sitting round discussing the situation, with the assistance of Dicky's cigarettes.

"Yes," Carmichael was saying, "I admit he can ride and ride well. It isn't his pace I object to; it's his confounded conceit about it. Soon after he came here I spoke to him about joining the club, and what do you think the fool said? You all know his beastly drawl. 'Well—er—don't think I shall, thanks. Fact is, damcherknow, I like to shift when I'm out. Can't stand crawling at any price.' There's an inflated idiot for you!"

"He passed us when we were out last night," said Royton, "and we couldn't, one of us, hang on to him. He knew it too. He's done that once or twice, and it's only just to show off, I know."

"I was out alone on Wednesday," chipped in Teddy Blane, the club sprinter, "and he caught me up and looked round with that confounded smile of his as he passed. You bet I wasn't going to let him walk away without an effort; but, as you fellows know, I'm better at short distances, and after making it pretty warm for about a couple of miles I had to throw it up."

Far away down in the depths of an easy chair several sizes too big for him sat little Pat Armstrong. Up to the present he had been silent, but now looking up at his companions he said, in his lazy sort of way, "My dear fellows, I've an idea."

There was a general laugh.

"By Jove! Hark at it!"

"Look at what's got an idea!"

"Stick to it, Pat; it's the only one you'll ever get."

They listened, while he laid his plan before them, and for an hour they talked earnestly together. Then as midnight struck they broke up and departed chuckling over the scheme which Pat had devised.

It was a September evening a week later, and the fast gathering twilight cast a dim obscurity over the landscape, when up a hill, at the foot of which lay the little town of Staudwell, came a rider.

On reaching the top of the hill the rider paused a moment to regain his breath. As he sat up in his saddle he heard the sound of cycle wheels and turning his head saw another rider, who had evidently ascended the hill close behind him.

This one presented a striking appearance, for with the exception of shoes

The Golden Klondike

dous risks, as farm property, county courts, halls and school houses.

Because it is the Farmer's Company managed by Farmers in the interest of farmers of the Counties of Lennox and Addington, Hastings Frontenac, Lanark and Leeds.

Officers—J. B. Aylworth President; B. C. Lloyd, Vice-President; Directors—A. C. Parks, U. C. Mills, W. R. Gordanier, I. F. Aylesworth, Honorary Directors—Jas. Hied, M.P.P., A. V. Price, Camden, C. R. Allison, Wm. Chesters, Fredericksburgh, D. W. Allison, ex-M.P., Adolphustown; F. B. Gues, Col. Geo. Hunter Kingston; All a Pringle, Ira B. Hudgins, Richmond. The board meets at the Secretary's office in the first Saturday of every month at one p.m.

J. N. McKim, Napanee.  
N. A. Caton, Napanee.  
Tlos. B. Wilson, Newburgh.  
M. C. BOGART Sec'y-Treas.

## The Dominion Bank

ESTABLISHED 1871.

CAPITAL — \$1,500,000.00  
RESERVE FUND — \$1,500,000.00

Deposits received and interest allowed.

Drafts on all parts of Great Britain and United States bought and sold.

A. PEPLER, Agent.

## THE - MERCHANTS - BANK OF CANADA

Head Office, — Montreal

Capital paid up, \$6,000,000

Surplus, \$3,000,000

INTEREST AT CURRENT RATES  
PAID ON DEPOSITS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS  
TRANSACTION.

W. A. BELLHOUSE,  
Manager, Napanee Branch

## EPPS'S COCOA ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA

Possesses the following

Distinctive Merits:

DELICACY OF FLAVOR.  
SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY.

GRATEFUL and COMFORTING  
to the NERVOUS or DYSPYPTIC.  
NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED.

In Quarter-Pound Tins Only.

Prepared by JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd.,  
Homeopathic Chemists, London,  
England.

## The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, MARCH 4th 1898.

AMHERST Island did nobly.

WILTON didn't do half bad.

LENNOX said it was time for a change.

BATH and Storms Corners accept our thanks.

The young liberals club of Adolphustown can't be beat.

NEWSPAPERS will now turn their attention to the Klondike.

LENNOX lost an embryo Minister of Education and gained a prospective Minister of Agriculture.

THE Reformers of Lennox are to be congratulated on their success. After a short and unexciting contest, free from personalities and underhand methods, the Liberal Stalwarts succeeded in electing their candidate by a handsome majority. The young men stood by Bowen E. Aylsworth; the town of Napanee voted for the farmer; and for the first time in many years the good old county of Lennox will send a supporter of the Government to Toronto.

Oh, little girl in black, to you,  
Away from the gay deceit,  
I come to learn what is the true,  
Where naught distracts, in calm most sweet.

Though sparkling glance and bright array  
The senses touch with potent charms,  
They vanish in the steady day:  
The music dies in harsh alarm.

That fill the world of busy strife,  
So in the hard and chidden track  
Love lights alone I would through life  
Walk with the little girl in black.

—George Henry Dougherty in Womankind.

## NEVER "BROKE" AGAIN.

An Improvident Young Man Who Will Always Have a Dollar in His Pocket.

"Queer things happen at funerals," said a clergyman recently who has officiated at many, "and I remember one occasion which impressed me greatly on account of the standing of the family in which it happened, as well as from the peculiar circumstances surrounding the incident—the bestowal of money on a dead man."

The narrator was urged to relate the story, and on the promise that no names would be mentioned he continued:

"It was a funeral at the house of one of my parishioners, and I was greatly surprised when I received notice to attend and conduct the services. I had not heard of any member of the family being ill, nor had I been summoned to the deathbed, but I jumped to the conclusion that it was an old servant who had died."

"It proved to be a bad son—the black sheep of the family—whose shadow had not darkened their doors for years, but who, it was always believed, had been supported at a distance far enough to prevent him from disgracing the family by his misdeeds."

"Now he was brought home dead, and I was expected to give him as little blame and as much praise as was consistent with the dignity of my office and his relation to the family."

"I need not go into that part of the ceremonies, but come to what I consider the real expression of feeling which consecrated the memory of the man as nothing that I said could have done."

"Just before the casket was closed his old mother arose from her seat with the mourners, and, approaching the dead, slipped a silver dollar into his vest pocket."

"Jim never liked to be without money in his pocket," she said, with a low, tremulous voice. "Many's the dollar I've slipped into his pocket unbeknown to him, but he always found it and was thankful. I don't expect he's going to need it now, and maybe he will never know that mother put it there, but somehow I shall feel better if he has it."

"And I felt that the woman who had loved much and forgiven much had preached a sermon of forgiveness and mercy before which I with my platitudes must remain dumb."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### The Other Fellow.

"So you think Agnew is a pigheaded fool, eh? What has given you that opinion of him?"

"We talked for half an hour this morning and couldn't agree on a single point."—Chicago News.

A naval battle between the Romans and Carthaginians off the coast of Spain in the first Punic war was lost by the latter because the galley slaves could not keep their seats when the ships rolled.

The Indian population of the Dominion of Canada is said to be 122,000, of whom about 88,000 are Roman Catholics and the same number Protestants.

## Skin Sores

**CELERY KING** PURIFIES THE BLOOD  
And never fails to heal and cure skin diseases—Sold by all druggists. 25 cents a large package.  
WOODWARD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, CANADA

## AN ENORMOUS RUSH OF GOLD SEEKERS GOING IN.

Some Sound advice from one who has made the trip, and knows something of the hardships the Gold Seekers Must Undergo.

In the rush towards the golden fields of the Klondike, there are thousands who are ill-fitted to stand the strain of hardship and exposure, which are inseparable from that trip. Illness, disease and death is almost certain to claim many of the ill-prepared adventurers. The following letter from one who has undergone the hardships of the trip, will prove interesting to those who intend going into the desolate but gold laden north:—

SKAGWAY, Dec. 12th 1897.

DEAR SIRS,—My object in writing this letter is to give a word of advice to those who contemplate going to the Yukon gold fields. For ten years I have followed the occupation of prospecting, timber estimating and mining, and the hardships and privations which one has to undergo, are enough to wreck the strongest constitution. In the spring of 1897 I was stricken with pleurisy, as a result of exposure. I recovered from this, but it left behind the seeds of disease which manifested themselves in the form of heart and kidney troubles. I managed to reach Vancouver, but did not have much hope of recovering. I was advised, however, to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and at first purchased but two boxes. Before these were gone I found beyond a doubt that they were healing me, and their continued use "put me on my feet again," to use a common expression. I then engaged to go to the Yukon country and only those who have made the trip to Dawson City can form even the faintest conception of the hardships that have to be borne in making the trip. Before starting I added to my outfit two dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I can honestly say no part of my outfit proved of such invaluable service to me, and I would strongly urge every man who goes in to take a supply with him, as he will find the need of such a tonic and up-builder of the system on many occasions. I went in and returned to this place by the Dalton trail, which consists of 350 miles of old indian trail, starting at Pyramid Harbor. In going over the trail one has at times to wade through mud more than a foot deep, and ford streams waist deep in ice cold waters. When I started for the Yukon my weight was only 149 pounds and I now weigh 169 pounds, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

I am soon starting for another trip to Dawson by the same route. This time, however, the travelling will be on snowshoes, and you may depend upon it Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will again form part of my outfit.

I write this letter for the two fold purpose of letting you know what your medicine has done for me and urging those who go in to take a supply with them. Every man whether he is sick or well, who undertakes the trip to the Yukon will require something to brace him and keep his constitution sound in that country. I may say that my home is at Copper Cliff, Ont., where my wife resides.

Yours very truly,  
JOHN PICHE.

### Yellow Skin and Eyes.

Biliousness causes yellow skin and eyes, tired weary, sluggish feeling, etc. BURDICK BLOOD PURIFIER cleanses the blood and regulates the liver, curing all its diseases. "From a child I suffered from biliousness and headache, and all the money I spent for medicine brought me no relief. Four bottles of B.B.P. cured me completely, however, and I gladly recommend it."

Mrs. W. C. LEMAY, Toronto, Ont.

and stockings he was clothed completely in white—a white calico jacket with loose knickers of the same material, and on his head a large, soft wide awake of white felt. This latter was pulled so far forward that the rider's face was completely hidden, but it was evident that he was a member of the Standwell Wheelers, for the club badge was displayed conspicuously on the side of his headgear.

The scorcher, however, had but little time to take note of his companion's appearance, for before he was aware of it the white rider, going at a great pace, shot past him and gained a lead of some dozen yards. The scorcher's spirit was roused within him, for it was his belief that he allowed no one to pass him on the road. So, bending low over his handle, he pedaled furiously to regain his lead and soon overtook and passed the Standwell man. The latter, however, at once replied by a sprint which again gave him first position. This was a direct challenge. There could be no mistake about that. The scorcher was amazed. Did a Standwell Wheeler dare to challenge him? Very well, then. That man must learn that no member of the despised club could hope to keep pace with him. So, getting well over his work, he settled down to business and going for all he was worth again passed his opponent.

The pace grew warmer, and on they went, on, on, until trees and hedges seemed to the riders but a blur of green, so terrific was the speed at which they went. Faster and faster over the dusty road, going as though the fiends were behind them, no sound breaking the stillness but the whirr of the flying wheels and the click of the chain over the cogs. And the white rider still hung on. Fear took hold of the scorcher and a sickening dread came upon him. Was he, the unbeaten, now to find his match from among the members of that club which he had so openly derided? Perish the thought! He glanced over his shoulder and found that his pursuer had fallen back a dozen yards or so. But this gave him no hope, for during their ride (and they had now come five miles) the white figure had repeatedly dropped away, only to reappear shortly close behind him. And so it was this time. In a minute or two he again took up his old position, and from his easy breathing was apparently as fresh as ever. Not so the scorcher, for used as he was to speedy shifting, the terrific pace at which they had ridden was telling upon him. Suddenly a thought struck him, and as he realized it he almost fell from his saddle. He remembered now what had hitherto escaped his memory, that this road led, with no turning whatever, straight into Standwell and right past the club headquarters. He to be beaten before their eyes and by one of their own riders! It would be eternal degradation to him who had made it his boast that he was faster than their fastest. What would he not give to escape the humiliation which seemed in store for him, and for the first time in his life he longed for a puncture.

The headquarters of the club were now but half a mile distant. On fly the pair and in a few seconds the building is in sight. The scorcher's heart sinks within him as he feels his opponent draw up level with him (and to all appearances as fresh as at the start. Until now his eyes have been fixed to his front wheel, but now he glances ahead, and, oh, horror, sees a crowd of members assembled round the entrance of the club. Oh, the degradation of it to him, who had so boasted of his powers! In another second comes the climax, for his opponent shoots ahead, and, flying past the club, leading by lengths, sits up, and, turning round, lifts his hat gracefully, revealing the features of the Flea. He, that youngster of all others, to defeat the hitherto unbeaten scorcher! The defeated one stays not, but with the derisive laughter of the club ringing in his ears pedals home a sadder and a wiser scorcher.

There was another supper that night.



# SPRING SHOES—NEW GOODS

We are receiving almost daily

the very latest in style and THE BEST in quality.

OUR BUYER Mr. F. G. Lockett has just returned from the lower provinces where he has been selecting the Best Goods in the market which we shall sell at prices to suit you.

We intend to LEAD THE SHOE BUSINESS IN NAPANEE, as we have always done.

When you want Shoes come and see us.

## HAINES & LOCKETT,

Napanee, Belleville, Kingston and Trenton.

### Disordered Kidneys.

Perhaps they're the source of your ill health and you don't know it.

Here's how you can tell:—

If you have Back Ache or Lame Back.

If you have Puffiness under the Eyes or Swelling of the Feet.

If your Urine contains Sediment of any kind or is High Colored and Scanty.

If you have Coated Tongue and Nasty Taste in the Mouth.

If you have Dizzy Spells, Headaches, Bad Dreams,—Feel Dull, Drowsy, Weak and Nervous. Then you have Kidney Complaint.

The sooner you start taking

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

the more quickly will your health return.

They've cured thousands of cases of kidney trouble during the past year. If you are a sufferer they can cure you.

Book that tells all about Doan's Kidney Pills sent free to any address.

The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



### FRIENDLESS COYOTE.

TRICKS OF HIS ENEMIES TO MAKE MONEY OUT OF HIM.

A County That Paid Bounty Twelve Times on the Same Set of Scapals—In Spite of Wholesale Killing, the Pest Does Not Appear to Decrease.

The one friendless, hunted Ishmaelite of the plains, against whom is every man's hand, is the prairie wolf—the coyote. If he is adapted to any sphere of usefulness on earth, nobody has yet been shrewd enough to find it out; if he has ever done a respectable deed, it has not yet come to light. The jack rabbit will at least furnish the basis for a savory stew in case of need, the buffalo was valued for its hide, the rattles of the rattlesnake are worth preserving for curiosities, but there is yet to be discovered a method of utilizing any portion of the coyote from his snarling mouth to his ragged tail—except as a fertilizer. The short grass country is his home, the high prairies where the gray, hairlike vegetation that is called pasture blends with the dirty coat of the vandal. Through it he sneaks and runs, now a gaunt figure on the horizon, now an ungainly shape near at hand. He is without acquaintance with anything that is alive, usually solitary, always with a criminal aspect, as if he had just done something to be ashamed of or was contemplating a deed of the sort at the earliest opportunity.

Once the coyote had the whole Indian Territory to himself. He could snarl and fight to his heart's content, and there was none to say him nay. But when the lands were opened to settlement and a family took its place on every quarter section there was less room for the wild creatures of the plains who had before been undisturbed. Then the coyote had to go out among men, and he found that he was a very unpopular immigrant into any of the communities that he favored with his presence. And he earned the right to be considered honestly. He robbed the sheepfolds, stole the chickens and made the traveler afraid—all without any equivalent in service. Furthermore, he is essentially a coward. The men of the frontier have a sort of respect for the brave creature that defies them or for the cunning one that outwits them, but they can never forgive the trembling one that is alarmed at their very au-

### T. G. DAVIS & ROBERT FORD

(Late of Roblin & Ford.)

beg to announce the receipt of Fall and Winter Scotch and Canadian Suitings, Worsteds, Vicunes, and all the newest goods up to date at the lowest bottom prices.

Clothing made to order in all the Latest Styles.

Perfect fit, workmanship and good trimmings guaranteed.

Customers have the option of having goods made up on the premises or cut and trimmed if so required.

A call solicited before purchasing.

T. G. DAVIS.

ROBERT FORD.

Household Necessities

THE E. B. EDDY CO.'S

Telegraph Telephone Tiger . . . Parlor . . .

MATCHES

They have never been known to fail

this time at the clubrooms, and if the searcher could have present his feelings would have puzzled an analyst.

At the end of the long apartment were stacked six bicycles, light road racers, and on their saddles were hung six white wide awakes. At the head of the table sat six figures, all clad in white and all of very similar build. With these six lay the explanation of the searcher's defeat, and now to his clubmates, who up to the present had been in ignorance as to the method employed, knowing only that he who had cooped at them so often had been overcome, Pat Armstrong was holding forth.

"Well, you see, boys, we devised this little business about a week ago and, knowing which way he was riding, put a into force this evening. Fact is, each of us took a mile apiece, so don't give me all the honor. We took up our positions with our jiggers all the way along the road, either behind trees or gates, and as one of us dropped out another took the beggar on and went 'all out' until he came to the next man, who did ditto. I tell you it was fun—grand fun. Of course, we all looked alike to him, and he's run off with the idea that I took him on for six solid miles and then licked him. Poor chap!"

### Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company

GENERAL PASSENGER TIME TABLE,

Eastern Standard Time. No. 13 Taking effect Dec. 2nd, 1905

Tweed and Tamworth to Deseronto.				Napanee and Deseronto and Napanee to Tamworth and Tweed.			
Stations	Miles	No. 2 A.M.	No. 4 P.M.	Stations	Miles	No. 1 A.M.	No. 3 P.M.
Lve Tweed	0	6:50	3:10	Lve Deseronto	0	6:50	3:10
Stoco	8	6:58	3:10	Deseronto Junction	4	7:10	3:30
Larkins	13	7:10	3:25	Napanee	9	7:25	3:45
Marbank	17	7:25	3:40	Napanee Mills	15	7:40	4:00
Erinsville	17	7:40	3:55	Newburgh	17	8:00	4:20
Tamworth	20	7:50	4:10	Thomson's Mills	18	8:20	4:40
Wilson	24			Camden East	19	8:33	4:50
Enterprise	26	8:10	4:30	Yarker	23	8:45	5:00
Mudlake Bridge	26	8:22	4:43	Yarker	23	9:00	5:15
Moscow	31	8:35	4:55	Galbraith	25	9:15	5:30
Galbraith	33			Camden East	27	9:30	5:45
Yarker	35	9:00	5:15	Mudlake Bridge	30		
Camden East	39	9:13	5:25	Enterprise	32	9:30	5:42
Thomson's Mills	40	9:18	5:30	Wilson	34	9:50	6:00

death him. Poor chap!" And amid a general roar of laughter he sat down, but they picked him and the rest of his crew up and carried them shoulder high round the room, cheering till all were blue. Then the whole club swore eternal secrecy, and no whisper of the unholy scheme by which he was defeated ever reached the ears of the speed booster. But he scorches now no more, and the Standwell Wheelers are avenged.—Cycle.

HE WANTED A PERSPECTIVE.

House of Wrath of a New York Man Against Ally Sloper.

In Harlem there lives a young man, who up to a year ago or less was content to be known merely as a clever and rising business man, a reputation which he was successfully cultivating. Then something or other gave his ambition a twist, and he decided to shine socially. To this end he proceeded to part his name in the middle, and an exceedingly wide composite part his middle name made. Next he got his father to set up a stable for him and began to figure as "So-and-so, the well known and popular young whip and society man." Certain deficiencies of education and training interfered with his ambition in some directions, but his money and horses gave him a certain prestige of which the most evident effect was the acquisition of a manner which his family and friends described as "highfalutin," "cheerily" and "hooperloo," according to their various vocabularies. That is why they are making merry over a recent take down inflicted on the young man.

Nothing ago he had occasion to make inquiries in regard to the course at a certain collegiate institution in this vicinity, not for himself, as he is several years past the age at which most boys go to college, but for a young relative. His letter was written in characteristic style, not wholly exempt from faults of orthography and rhetoric, but very grandiose, and emphasizing the fact that it behooved the institution to take steps toward securing the honor of the attendance of a member of his family. So little did the dean of the college like the tone of the communication that he tossed it into his scrapbasket without taking the trouble to answer it.

How it came into the hands of a certain student of the college, who knew the writer of the letter, does not appear, but that is what happened. He read it and found in it an injunction, not a request, that there be forwarded at once "a perspective of the school." Here was the student's chance, and as he is something of a joker he was quick to take it. Getting a catalogue of the college with an illustration, giving a view of the main buildings, he posted the picture on a sheet of the college writing paper. Then he marked parallel lines of indication along the background of the illustration and attached this legend:

"This is the perspective."

Below he appended this notice:

DEAR SIR—Your honored letter just received. In reply I would say that if by "perspective" you mean "prospectus" you can obtain what you need in the line of instruction in ordinary English at any grammar school. Yours respectfully,

ALLY SLOPER, For the Faculty.

Great was the indignation of the youth when he received this letter. He had never heard of that patron saint of jokers, Ally Sloper, and he sent around among his friends breathing threats of vengeance against the college in general and "that cad Sloper" in particular. To several of his acquaintances he showed the note, demanding their sympathy for the blackguardly outrage to which he had been subjected. Their good offices went far enough to restrain him from writing a warlike letter to the president of the college, but not so far as to keep the matter quiet. It has become town talk in Harlem, and to rouse the deadly resentment of the youth with the widely parted name one has only to say to him, "Yours respectfully, Ally Sloper."—New York Sun.

Mortar Affected by Weather.

Builders say that walls built during a rainy season are the strongest, and that when mortar dries quickly it becomes crumbly and possesses little binding power.

ALMOST UNBEARABLE.

"I suffered from kidney trouble so much that the pain in my back was almost unbearable and I felt tired and worn out all the time, my tongue was coated and until I took Doan's Kidney Pills I had been unable to do my housework for over a month. These pills have made a complete cure, all my kidney and bladder troubles have disappeared and I feel like a new man."

one that is alarmed at their very appearance. So, from the farmer's son who blazes away with his old shotgun at the prowling coyote behind the barn to the city sportsman who wastes a cartridge intended for a prairie chicken or duck in ending the life of a wolf trotting along the hedgerow, there is a ceaseless, unrelenting war waged against the luckless wanderer.

Since the immigration of the wolves from the territory into the farming and stock raising states to the north there has been more than a desultory warfare. The farmers have banded together to protect the flocks and herds and have offered generous bounties for the scalps of the creatures, a proceeding that has resulted in the slaughter of thousands. Yet the supply seems none the less, and all the sharpshooting is but a waste of powder and balls. Year after year there are reported from 1,200 to 1,500 sheep killed in Nebraska and Kansas by wolves, and the hundreds of dollars spent for bounties have produced little diminution of the plague.

Sometimes the bounties are not what they are purported to be. The people of a western county found once that they were being taxed very heavily for the payment of this sort of expense and that certain hunters were buying new farms out of the proceeds of their prowess on the plains. An examination followed, and it was found that there was in existence an endless chain in comparison with which the greenbacks and gold reserve make but a feeble showing. At the rear of the county clerk's office, where the redeemed scalps were thrown, was a convenient opening in the wall, and through this the scalps were pulled in the night, to be presented at the counter in the morning for another bounty of \$3 each. It was estimated that the county had paid for one set of scalps not less than 12 times, and the emptiness of the treasury was explained. The saddest part of the happening was that the schemers saw the investigators at the hole and became bounty jumpers at once—jumping the county for safer climes.

Another curious circumstance was noticed by the officers of two counties adjoining in central Kansas. The officer of one were paying out money every day for wolf scalps while the others seldom had any demands for the reward. Each of the hunters was compelled to swear that he had killed the wolf inside the boundaries of the county where the scalp was presented, and there was no reason for doubting the truth of the testimony. But what could be the reason of the disparity in the claims? One day a settler's son was questioned:

"Where did you kill this wolf?"  
"Down near the edge of the county."  
"Are coyotes very thick there?"  
"Well, rather, though not so thick as they are farther south."  
"Over in the other county?"  
"Yes, there are more there."  
"But they do not kill any there. Why is it?"  
"The other county only pays \$1 for scalps and this pays \$2. So we drive them over the line before we shoot them."

The county officers at once readjusted the scale of rewards.—Chicago Times Herald.

THIRTY YEARS OF GLOOM.

He had Hunted the World for a ray of Hopeful, Healthful Sunshine, but in vain until South American Nerveine Brought a Midday burst of Healing Light to Him and made Him Strong again.

Thomas Waterman, a well-known and popular resident of Bridgewater, N.S., had been suffering from indigestion and weakness of the nerves for nearly thirty years. He had tried every remedy, and treated with best physicians, but all failed to give any permanent relief. He had almost given up hope of a cure, and as a last resort procured South American Nerveine. One bottle greatly benefited, and after taking three or four bottles he proclaimed himself cured.

Thomson's Mills	40	9 18		
Newburgh	41	2 23	3 15	5 35
Napanee Mills	42	5 23	3 25	5 45
Napanee	43	9 50	3 40	6 00
Napanee	49			
Deseronto Junction	54			6 30
Deseronto	58			6 45

Kingston and Sydenham to Napanee and Deseronto.

Stations	Miles	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve Kingston	0			4 00
G. T. R. Junction	2			4 10
Glenvale	10			4 30
Murvale	19			4 40
Arr Harrowsmith	19			4 50
Lve Sydenham	23	8 00		
Harrowsmith	19	8 20		5 0
Frontenac	22	8 30		5 10
Yarker	25	8 40		5 10
Lve Yarker	25	9 00	2 50	5 15
Camden East	30	9 13	3 02	5 25
Thomson's Mills	31	9 18		
Newburgh	32	9 23	3 15	5 35
Napanee Mills	34	9 33	3 25	5 45
Arr Napanee	40	9 50	3 40	6 01
Lve Napanee, West End	40			
Deseronto Junction	45			
Arr Deseronto	49			6 45

R. C. CARTER, Asst. Gen. Manager. G. A. BROWNE, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Wilson	34			
Tamworth	38	9 50	1 35	6 10
Erinsville	41	10 00		6 15
Marlbank	43	10 15		6 25
Larkins	51	10 20		6 35
Stocco	55	10 50		6 45
Arr Tweed	58	11 00		7 10

Deseronto and Napanee to Sydenham and Kingston.

Stations	Miles	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve Deseronto	0	6 50		
Deseronto Junction	4	7 10		
Arr Napanee	9	7 25		
Lve Napanee	9	7 45	12 00	6 30
Napanee Mills	15	8 00	12 15	1 25
Newburgh	17	8 10	12 23	1 42
Thomson's Mills	18	8 15		
Camden East	19	8 20	12 30	1 40
Yarker	23	8 30	12 45	5 00
Lve Yarker	23	8 50		5 10
Frontenac	27	9 00		5 27
Arr Harrowsmith	30	9 00		5 30
Sydenham	34	9 05		5 35
Lve Harrowsmith	30	9 05		
Murvale	35	9 20		
Glenvale	39	9 30		
G. T. R. Junction	47	9 55		
Arr Kingston	49	10 00		

H. B. SHEKWOOD, Superintendent.

Dragged from a Condition of Physical Wretchedness and Misery.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND WAS THE DELIVERER.

Mr. Barrand Says: "Surely the Medicine Which Has done so much for Me Will Prove a Blessing To Others."

Most Desperate Cases of Rheumatism are overcome by Nature's Cure, Paine's Celery Compound.

The Only Remedy for Pain-racked and Stiffened Limbs.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

DEAR SIR:—Just a year ago I was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism in its most acute form, which totally incapacitated me from pursuing my trade—that of a tailor—or in fact from doing work even of the very lightest kind, as every nerve in my body was affected. I was in this distressing condition for more than seven months, when I commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound. I soon began to realize the beneficial effects of the medicine; but my case was an obstinate one, and required the persistent use of the Compound for several months before I was able to move about. I am thankful to say I am so far recovered that I have commenced work again; and I am very hopeful that by continuing the use of the Compound a little longer I shall, please God, be restored to my wonted health and strength again. Surely the medicine that has done so much for me will prove an equal blessing to others similarly afflicted; and to such I say, "Give Paine's Celery Compound a trial." For what your medicine has done for me you have my most grateful thanks.

Yours truly, JOHN BARRAND, Barrie, Ont.

The Rev. N. Harris, of Roblin, will give his illustrated lecture on Bunyan's Pilgrim in Selby Methodist church on Friday evening, March 11th. Under the auspices of the Epworth League, Admission 15 and 10 cts.

SEVERE HEADACHE CURE.

DEAR SIR:—Being troubled with a severe headache, I was advised by a friend to take Lexy Liver Pills. I only used half a bottle, and have not since suffered from the complaint. They seem to be a perfect cure. MRS. JOHN TOMLINSON.

The Letter II.

I remember hearing a church warden in one of our large manufacturing towns read in the lesson the following odd statement from the epistle to the Romans. "And if children, then heirs," a somewhat strange piece of reasoning. In the same connection still with reference to the insertion of this much abused letter, I heard a funny story the other day. There is a village in the eastern counties which rejoices in the name of Haw. A parishioner was asked what he thought of a strange preacher who had been holding a service in the village. "Well," he said, "I liked the gentleman, 'is text' was just suited to us folk." "Why, what was his text?" "It were a text' from the Psalms, 'Stand in hawe and sin not'—it sounded so 'omely loike,"—Cornhill Magazine.

Not Up In Nautical Lore.

At sea, as many people know, time, instead of being reckoned by hours, is divided into watches of four hours each. From 4 o'clock to 6, and 6 o'clock to 8, there are half divisions, nautically termed dog watches. In an insurance case the counsel asked an old sailor what time of day a certain collision occurred and received the reply:

"About the middle of the first dog watch."

In summing up the case the barrister enlarged upon the information thus imparted as follows:

"You can imagine, gentlemen of the jury, the care which existed on this occasion, when, as appears from one of the plaintiff's own witnesses, this valuable ship and her cargo and the lives of passengers and crew were intrusted to what, gentlemen?—why, to the mere watch of a dog!"—English Paper.

A Good Answer.

In a public school examination, lately held, an eccentric examiner demanded: "What views would King Alfred take of universal suffrage, the conscription and printed books, if he were living now?" The ingenious pupil wrote in answer, "If King Alfred were still alive, he would be too old to take any interest in anything."

Spring Purification.

The clogged-up machinery of the system requires cleaning out after the wear and tear of the winter's work. Nothing will do this so thoroughly and perfectly as the old reliable

Burdock Blood Bitters.

It cures Constipation, Sick Headaches, Feeling of Tiredness, and all the evidences of Sluggish Liver and Impure Blood, which are so prevalent in the spring. It makes rich, red blood and gives buoyancy and strength to the entire system.





## CHAPTER V.

But Irma's nature was too buoyant to stay long under a cloud. The life at Live Oaks attracted her. Its good humor, its variety, its easy-going comfort, were delightful to a girl of vivid fancy, reared among gloomy, monotonous surroundings. She could not resist the charm of kindness and pleasant companionship. They drew her in the circle of the Fontenoy household.

The evenings in the sitting-room became more full of enjoyment. She did not play often. She preferred to listen to Bert read something new and bright, or to hear them all talk—sometimes to talk herself. Her quaint fresh ideas always delighted Bert.

She was learning to play chess with Dr. John. His fiancée declared, with a shrug of her shoulders, that chess made her think, and thinking gave her the headache.

John often dropped in for an hour in the evening—seldom longer. He was a hard worker and devoted to his profession. Much of it was charity. Belle, who belonged to half a dozen benevolent societies, often went with him to see these poorer patients, and carried soups and jellies of her own making. She was a model housekeeper and believed in fulfilling all her duties to her home, as well as to society and her church. She drew India-rubber gloves over her white hands and handled the hoe in the flower-garden and the broom and the duster in doors. She looked after the linen closet and inspected Maddie's drawers, bringing all rents and tears to light, and keeping the scapegrace in terror of her lady-like scoldings.

Irma found all the household interesting. If "Her Highness" was cold and the little Fannie supercilious, they were still interesting to study. With her quick, romantic instinct she detected the little dramas going on around her, and tried to lose sight of her own fears and memories in watching them. The superb Belle had a heart under her snowy breast, and it beat more warmly than the rich judge. But would she obey her heart's dictates? She gave him cold encouragement now, and he kept his feelings under stern control. Fannie Gray—did she love the big-hearted plain man, who let her rule him in such dainty but tyrannous fashion? And Bert, was he the lover of the fair Spanish blonde—Florence Bellamy, who was a favorite with his father and stepmother? She was his equal in family and wealth, and she loved him. Last night he certainly put to his lips the rose she gave him from her bosom. Did he love her?

"What should it matter to me?" Irma would say, breaking off from these speculations that took her out of herself. "I am busy catching at floating drifts as I drift down the current. Drift where? How soon will I be dashed against the rocks?"

Always, she had that sensation of being adrift—the sport of Fate. But she tried to shut out apprehension and live in the present. One day she had been almost happy. It was Saturday and a holiday. John had invited them to his house, Grobeck, the little Gothic stone cottage near the town, but seeming in a solitude, so shut in was it by a stone wall, ivy-covered, and a large yard full of old trees and shrubbery. They had gone on horseback. Irma had been used to riding all her life, and it was a joy to see her sweep along on a little little pony. Fearless and graceful, her cheeks flushed and a light in her dark eye, she held Bert at her side. John met them at the gate, and gave them the "run of the house," he said, warning them that there was a Bluebeard's chamber. They went all over the queerly built little cottage, peered into Dr. John's skeleton closet and his studio, where his big-horned owl was nodding and his yellow cat purled on the table on an open book upon anatomy.

They even peeped into the Bluebeard's chamber, against which he had warned them, and found it to be the

brother of Solon, from whom we get these particulars, does not believe that the girl drowned herself. He has heard that a woman in a boat was seen both on the bayou and on the river at the time when she would have been making her escape. He has forwarded a minute description of the young would-be murderess to the police authorities here, and they are at work on the case. It seems that she is a brunette of very peculiar type. She is handsome and accomplished—particularly in music and French. Her victim was not dead, at last accounts, but there is scarcely a shadow of hope that he can recover, as he lost a great quantity of blood and a low fever has set in."

Irma listened to this from first to last. She had been in the act of leaving the room when the first words arrested her steps and seemed to turn her into stone.

She stood listening with dilated eyes, her fingers crushing the flowers she had been carrying to her room—flowers Bert had gathered for her from John's garden. She heard Mr. Fontenoy's comments upon her deed, his speculations as to whether the girl were mad or simply a deliberate criminal. She heard, but they made no impression upon her. The words of the newspaper article were burning in her brain:

"No hope that he will recover; police at work on the case."

A gasping breath betrayed her. Bert looked up and sprang to her side.

"Miss Brazeale, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

She made a desperate effort and shook her head. She tried to smile.

"I rode too fast," she said, huskily. "I am a little tired. I will go to my room."

He would have gone with her, making her lean on his arm, but she would not let him.

"I am quite well, now," she said. She threw herself on the bed and lay there motionless. Her temples burned, but her limbs felt chill and numb.

"I shall soon strike on the rocks," she said to herself. When the tea-bell rang she rose and removed her riding-habit and tried to get ready to go down for appearance' sake. She could not bear to have him suspect her yet. But her fingers trembled too much to pin collar or bind hair. She gave up the idea of going to tea. The thought of the bright room and questioning eyes was too much for her. But she could not be still any more. A spirit of restlessness seized her.

"I will go and walk till I am quiet," she thought.

She threw a hood over her head and without any wrap she went down-stairs and out into the yard by a back way. As she ran down the steps, she became conscious that it was raining—a soft, misty rain. She only thought:

"It will cool my head."

The moon was nearly full, and the rays struggling through the veil of clouds made a soft twilight.

Irma made her way to the mulberry-trees which extended across a part of the back yard at a little distance from the house. The thick, green leaves nearly sheltered her from the rain as she walked from one end to the other of the mulberry colonnade. For a time she could think of nothing coherently. Images of blood and violence, of exposure, disgrace and imprisonment whirled dim and fast through her brain. After a time, she became conscious of present conditions. She heard the sounds of talk and laughter coming from the parlor. Presently the sound of music—of singing, Florence Bellamy's voice—how well she sang to-night. And was not that Bert Fontenoy singing with her? In her fancy she could see the two, so handsome and assured in their manners—so gently proud—as they had a right to be. They had no dark secret in their lives. They were not hiding under a false name. They were well fitted to each other. They had a right to love and marry. Oh! how gladly they were all talking. Nobody thought of her, nobody cared. She did seem to hear her name called awhile ago, but it was doubtless a mistake. As it was

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"Bertrand" called a shrill, sweet voice from the house.

"That is your mother's voice. Let us go in," Irma said, seeing that he would not go without her.

She thought to escape to her room unseen, but the quick ear of Miss Gray heard their steps, and she ran to the parlor door.

"Dear me! what a night to choose

streaming in at the window, wakened her. A mockingbird was singing in the orange tree below.

She threw on a wrapper and went to the window. A singular cavalcade met her eye. Madcap on her bob-tailed pony, and behind her, clinging to her with a frightened grip, a sorrow mite of a girl who lived in a cottage not far from Live Oaks, whom Maddie had taken under special patronage.

A little retro to a ragged jacket and brimless hat, mounted on a tall, bony mule, acted as a rider, and the dog Glup and two other curs of low degree brought up the rear.

The Madcap saw Irma and waved her hand to her.

"I'm taking Pansy out to ride for her health. She's got fever-cake, and Maup Viney says nothing will cure it but to ride a hard trotting-horse. Goodness knows, Flea is hard enough. He's a regular churn!"

Irma laughed before she knew it, a merry little laugh. Then she started guiltily. How dare she laugh? And yet, what was the use of yielding to despair before the crash came? Why not take all the brightness life offered, and then when the night of misery fell bear it with what courage she might!

This was her philosophy, taught by her own buoyant instincts. She acted upon it. She thrust back her gloomy apprehensions and lived only in the present.

There was much to divert her. Her school duties were not arduous, and after she she mingled with the household as one of them. Mrs. Fontenoy would tolerate no slight to the daughter of her best friend. And yet Mrs. Fontenoy watched her son's increasing interest in Irma with no little anxiety. She had set her heart on Bert's marrying a woman with family position and money. And she had selected Florence Bellamy.

A new diversion was at hand. One day Maddie burst into the room with cheeks aflame.

"We are going to have a new sensation at Live Oaks. Belle is going to have an entertainment—a religious benefit. You must know Belle is very religious. She snubbed my poor dear tutor because he refused a professorship to go into the itinerant Methodist ministry. But she is a worshipper of Dr. Richards, the Showy pastor of her church—the Episcopal. He had a big name and was in charge of a church in New Orleans. It was a hard struggle to get him here, he stood out for so much salary; but the big-bucks—papa among the rest—raised the bid and he came. But he turns up his Greek nose at the Parsonage, and so does his fair little statue of a wife, Belle has undertaken to have it repaired and refurnished, and this is her first effort in that direction—an entertainment here

warned them, and found it to be the liveliest little room, fitted up in gold and white—a shrine waiting for its idol. They rambled over the old orchard and pecked late peaches, sitting on the low boughs or in the long grass. They came back before sunset. There were tokens of a change in the sky. Clouds had gathered, and the sun was setting luridly. But the light from the windows of Live Oaks shone brightly. The drawing-room was gay with fresh flowers. Florence and a young girl cousin had gathered them and filled the vases and baskets. Florence, dressed in white, stood at the parlor door to receive them. The day's mail lay on the table, and Belle and Bert and John and Miss Gray were soon tearing open letters. Fannie had half a dozen dainty, perfumed envelopes to break. Only Irma had no interest in the mail.

"Miss Grazeale, I have never known you to take a letter," Fannie Gray said. Irma colored.

"I have no correspondents," she answered.

"I wish I had none," Bert said. "Here's a fellow writing that he is coming here to see me, to stay. He doesn't say how long."

"What sort of fellow?" asked Miss Gray, looking up with interest. "Oh, he's a clever chap enough, a writer, a newspaper man, a born detective. I found him capital company in New Orleans once, and he helped me in a matter in which I would have found it hard to get on without his aid."

"Then why are you not glad he is coming?"

"How do I know if he is the kind of fellow one would like to have domesticated in one's home, where there are women folks? I had bachelor rooms in town when I invited him. I can write to him about the change."

"Do nothing of the kind. Let him come. If he proves to be dangerous we can ship him over to John at Gro-back," said Miss Gray with decision. "And now, Bert, read the paper to us before tea. I am glad John is having a fire made, a little aesthetic wood-fire. It has turned cool, and it is raining. Isn't it?"

Bert unfolded the newspaper and began to read. Irma was not interested. She was about to slip out of the room, when her attention was suddenly, fearfully arrested.

"Why, what a queer tragedy!" cried Bert. "Papa, you know Solon Vanhorn, the rich, cranky old cotton-merchant? Well, he has been killed by a woman he had just married. Listen!"

#### "A SINGULAR TRAGEDY."

"For some time, our well-known fellow citizen, Mr. Solon Vanhorn, has been missing from his place of business on Levee street. It was not known what had become of him. His friends conjectured he was carrying out some large business operations in New York; but now comes the startling news of a strange tragedy of which Mr. Vanhorn has been the victim. For some time he has been engaged to a young girl, the daughter of one of his cotton planters living in Black Bayou, in the parish of St. Steud. He had gone to consummate the marriage, and it had taken place smoothly and quietly when, as the bridegroom turned to kiss his newly made bride, she suddenly stabbed him in the neck, nearly severing the artery. The blood poured from the wound, and Mr. Vanhorn fell, crying that he was killed. The girl gave one look at him and fled from the house. It was supposed she drowned herself in the bayou. A part of her dress was found at the water's edge. There was no boat known to have been at hand in which she might have made her escape."

"Mr. Michael Vanhorn, however,

doubted a mistake. It was Mad-die, who needed help in her French lesson. No; not only wanted her. Nobody but the detectives who were hounding her out.

She started as a tall figure stood before her in the semi-darkness. In her state of nervous excitement the sudden apparition almost evoked a scream of terror. But she soon recognized Bert.

"Mr. Fontenoy, I did not expect to have any one follow me here," she said coldly.

"Forgive me for the intrusion. I was afraid you would make yourself ill. I am chilled and daisy, and I brought you a wrap, the first one I could find."

"You are kind," Irma answered gently.

She let him fold the shawl around her.

"Thanks, and do not let me keep you out here."

"But will you not come in? It is very pleasant in the parlor. We have a little fire of fragrant cypress wood that crackles merrily."

"I am not cold, and I am not fit to be a talker or a listener to-night."

"That means that you do not want me here, and I will go away presently. Let me take one turn with you, if you will permit in walking under these dark, wet-dripping old trees."

He took her hand and drew it through his arm.

"You said you were not cold; your fingers are like marbles."

"But my head is burning," Irma said. She had pushed the hood back, and rings of her dark hair were showing beneath the fluffy crimson border. Through an opening in the boughs the struggling moonlight came and showed Bert her shining eyes, her scarlet lips.

"You are ill; you must let my brother prescribe for you."

"There is nothing in the matter with me," she said impetuously. "Only I am a little restless. I do that mood sometimes."

Bert was silent. There was something the matter with her, and he felt sure of it. It was mental trouble, too, not physical. He had been watching her closely for days. He had noted her changeful moods, her girlish gaiety suddenly quenched as by some haunting thought, the shadow of pain that came into her eyes, her restlessness, her occasional startled look. And to-night, what was the meaning of her fit of sudden agitation in the parlor? It came while he was reading of Solon Vanhorn's tragic wedding. But she could have nothing to do with the murderous bride of Black Bayou. There was some mystery about this girl—this strange child-queen, a girl, who was not like any other woman he had ever met.

He looked at the pale, repressed face under the scarlet hood.

"It is no evil mystery," he thought. "I would stake my life on her purity! It is a sorrowful secret, perhaps; I wish she would confide in me."

He looked to take the cold little hand that lay on his arm. He longed to ask her to let him be her friend. He had no thought that he was falling in love. He expected to marry Florence Bellamy some time. It would gratify his mother, who idolized him, and please his father's pride. Besides, Florence loved him, and he was conscious that he had many times been too tender for mere brotherly friendship.

She was high-spirited, too. Neither she nor her family would brook being trifled with.

No; he would marry her some time, but just now he was more interested in his little sister's music-teacher. It must be her eyes that attracted him so—their sphinx-like mystery and melancholy. Or was it her voice? How thrilling were its intonations just now when she said:

"They are singing something that sounds very sweet! Go in and hear them. It is so much pleasanter than here."

"I had rather stay in the mulberry walk with you."

"But it is damp, and I am a dull companion."

"I do not find you so. Your mere presence is magnetic. Magnetism radiates from the tips of your little fingers!"

He just touched them as he spoke, but he felt a thrill through all his frame.

He had spoken lightly, but there was an under-current of earnestness which Irma felt. It embarrassed her; and, to break the silence, she said: "Who is singing with Miss Bellamy? I thought the other time it was you."

"It is some gallant from the town. There are two of them who came in. I have not sung to-night; I have been hunting for you, Madcap and I. We hunted for you disconsolately from room to room. At last the bright idea occurred to me of going out on the back veranda. There I caught a gleam of a red hood as a ray of light fell upon it. Without a word to Madcap, out I

"Dear me! what a night to choose for promenade!" she cried. "How romantic we are!"

Bert gave her a look which expressed he thought it was none of her business. Irma felt that Belle's disapproving eyes were upon her, and that Mrs. Fontenoy was looking at her wonderingly.

"Miss Grazeale felt feverish, and went out into the fresh air," I saw her, and carried her a shawl," Bert explained, curtly, in reply to his mother's look.

"She is feverish," Dr. John said, gently laying his fingers on her pulse. "I fancy you have taken too much exercise, Miss Almee. A good rest will set you right."

"I have no doubt of it," she said, and, with a bend of her head, she passed on upstairs.

"She looks like the heroine of a romance," Miss Gray said. "I wish to goodness something tragic would turn up about her, just to break the monotony of Live Oaks. We will all stagnate here. By the way, Bert, you did not tell us the name of your self-invited guest."

"He is not exactly self-invited. I told you. His name is Harold Vand."

"Harold Vand?" she repeated, quickly, a flush leaping into her soft cheeks. "Yes, but he writes under the name of Cyril Thorne. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him," she answered, slowly.

For awhile she was silent a rare thing with her.

"Who is this Vand? Where did you pick him up, Bert?"

"Don't you remember, sir, that young journalist who helped us ferret out the frauds in the cotton-burning business on the 'River Queen'? He was reporter then for The New Orleans Picayune, but he is a natural detective, and he did me the often extended his talents in that direction. I liked him first-rate. He is a capital story-teller, and he proved himself a sharp one in that cotton business."

"We paid him, I remember. But I feel under obligations to him all the same. Write to him to come. I suppose he is respectable?"

"I should say so," strove in Miss Gray. "Harold Vand is a bit in literary circles. I could endure him myself. He is rude; he puts on airs of indifference."

"To women," said Bert. "I think he is not much of a lady's man, good-looking as he is."

"Postals, Irma, looking her fate in the face, was wondering how long it would be before the end came, and her glass bark shivered on the rocks."

"Oh! to think I killed him! But I did not mean to. Of course, they will find me. It will be easy to trace me here. If they had only believed I was drowned!"

Then, after a little pause:

"The young man on the bank did not betray me. Why, I wonder? I took his boat; I would not let him come with me. They offered a reward for information about me. Why did he not speak? Was it through pity?"

She recalled his face in that only glimpse she had of it by the lightning-flash. What if she knew that at this moment they were discussing the same man down-stairs; that he was soon to arrive at Live Oaks; that he was a born detective, and that he was often employed in that line!

It was long past midnight before Irma's excited brain found rest. But youth and nature asserted themselves, and she slept at last, a sweet, dreamless sleep, which lasted until the sun,

that directed an entertainment for it. It is not to be the stereotyped concert—Cousin Fannie vetoed that. We are to have some good music and scenery from the best plays, acted in costume, on a stage with a drop curtain and dressing-rooms—only think! And we are to have a few tableaux. Belle is making out her programme. You are to sing a duet from 'La Favorite' with Mr. Green, the slim tenor who has the sickly roustache and sings in the choir. Cousin Fannie is in two of the drama selections, and Florence Bellamy has part, and Miss Pepton and Bert and I. But I am all out of breath. I must tell you, though, where it is to be. You can't guess! In the long hall downstairs with the shell floor. It's just a grand place, isn't it? Kind of out of doors, because the arched windows are so big and open to the ground, and they are all hung with ivy, so the Japanese lanterns will show so prettily among the green. There is to be a large stage at one end, and seats for five hundred people or more. Won't it be grand?"

"It sounded grand to Irma, who had never seen anything of the kind in her life. She had an instinct for the drama. She had read Shakespeare's plays with her mother, and all the old British dramas. In the deep bayou forest she had often declaimed passages of these and great parts of them that struck her imagination. She had listened, thrilled to the core, to her mother's account of the acting of Forrest and Charles Cushman. Of course this entertainment would be but a pale shadow of the stage, but she thought of it excitedly."

She was present at the first rehearsal, and her intelligent look made Bert turn to her for suggestions. She forgot timidity in her interest, and gave her ideas of how passages should be rendered, and movement carried out. They were always good, because they were true to nature and to a strong and pure imagination.

"You must have been on the stage," sneered Miss Gray.

After the rehearsal was over Bert came over to the window where she was sitting.

"I wish to heaven you had Miss Pepton's part, or Florence Bellamy's," he said, leaning over her. "They are nice girls, and, as Belle says, drawing cards because of their society influence, but they are perfect puppets. They have no power to throw themselves into a fine part. Have you acted much? Your looks and movements in every-day life somehow suggest the romantic and tragic drama to me. I wish you would tell me of your past. I wish I knew all your life!"

"It would not edify you. I have other talk of anything else." And she began


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to speak of Miss Pepton's beauty, and how lovely she would look as Portia in the casket scene, and how saucy she would look as Lady Gay Spanker.

Bert shrugged his shoulders. He found more beauty in the face he looked on then, with the moonrays lighting its poetic curves and strange, sad eyes. Daily he became more fascinated by this Almee Brazeele, as he believed her to be. All his thoughts were of her—wondering as to her past. He piled his mother with questions about her, until pushing the hair from her white forehead and looking at him with eyes that tried to read his, she said:

"Bert, you are falling in love with Almee Brazeele."

"What nonsense!" he exclaimed, with an impatient backward toss of his head. Then he added, "What if I were falling in love with Almee Brazeele? Is she not worthy to be loved?"

"Yes," sighed the mother, "but you are my only son. I had a right to expect that you would marry to please me. You can have a wife with money and social position."

"Florence Bellamy, you mean. She is not worthy to be the handmaiden of Almee Brazeele. Almee Brazeele is a woman to win a man and hold him."

"She has been trying to win you. I am surprised at her, disappointed in her."

"She has done nothing of the kind. She has avoided me. I doubt exceedingly if she would accept me if I offered her love to her."

"You doubt it? You are not sincere, Bert."

"I doubt it, I repeat. I have had a thought of testing it, but you and Florence Bellamy have managed it so that I hardly can make a free man. But if I were wholly free, and asked this girl to be my wife, I should feel very doubtful of her answer."

"As if she would be so mad as to refuse him!" murmured the doting mother. "I am sorry I brought Almee Brazeele here. I can see her strange charm in herself. Bert speaks the truth. She does not seem to try to win him, though I have seen her face light up when he came to her side. But that is natural. I must find some pretext for sending her and Maudie away—to my aunt's on the Teche."

The night of the entertainment came. A fog of foreboding came upon Irma, but she resolutely shook it off. She went to her room to dress. She knew her tableau costumes would be provided for her, but she expected to wear her black lawn to sl. g. in. She lighted her lamp, though the afterglow was still rosy outside. There, on the bed, shimmered something white and silvery. She took it up. It was a dress of nun's veiling and white silk. The bodice was white silk with silver cord. Plinned to it was a little note:

sat in with slashings of crimson velvet. There were five young ladies and some girls of twelve and fourteen dressed as maids. There were six young men, most of them in showy costumes of knee-breeches and velvet tunics with gold lace and plumes. Irma could see how Bert surpassed them all in grace and beauty. He was standing by Florence Bellamy, and she was talking to him, but he smiled in an absent way, and his eyes wandered about as though in search of some one. Presently his little sister appeared on the scene looking very girlish and simple in her white frock and long hair plaits.

"Come here, Madcap!" he cried. He bent down and kissed her, at the same time he whispered in her ear:

"Where is your little music teacher?"

"Where is Miss Almee Brazeele?"

"She went out there on the verandah awhile ago," answered Maudie.

Madcap never could whisper properly, her brother always declared. Her answer was heard by Florence Bellamy. She gave Bert a keen look and turned off. Disregarding it, he slipped away from the group, and went out on the verandah. Irma stood looking out at the brilliant grounds below. The vari-colored lights fell upon her. Bert started when he saw her. He had never seen her in evening dress before. He approached her almost shyly. He was dressed as Claude Melnotte and he filled Irma's ideal of the character. He came close to her, and took a little box from his pocket.

"I have not forgotten," he said, "that you told me—a week ago—that to-day is your birthday. I have brought you a little gift to show that I remembered it."

He held up a gold bracelet set with pearls.

"I cannot, indeed I cannot take it," she said.

"But you must. It was made for you. See, the pearls form your name. You would not hurt me by refusing to wear it?"

He took her round, white arm, and clasped the bracelet upon it.

"You must not refuse to take it," he said in a voice half-entreaty, half-command. "And you must let me talk to you to-night. I will not consent to be put aside for the new friends who will be sure to gather around you."

Belle was calling him. He hurriedly pressed Irma's hand to his lips, and was gone. She stood there feeling guilty and unhappy. She must put an end to this. It was sweet, oh, it was inexpressibly sweet to be loved by this ardent, handsome, graceful man; but it was a sin to allow it, a base sin of ingratitude against the people whom she had already deceived, and against this young man, who thought her in-

It was, indeed, but she took to it intuitively, and proved a ready assistant. It required all Belle's coolness and decision to make things move smoothly. She was much worried by the non-arrival of the blind tenor, who was to sing with Irma, the duet from "La Favorita." At the last moment he sent an excuse—a sore throat.

"If we had known before, we might have provided a substitute," said Belle. "But, now, who will take his place? The duet is beautiful. It is a great pity to throw it out."

"Some one may turn up," said Bert, consoling. "I will try to drum up somebody. We have some pretty fair singers in the audience."

As he spoke a card was handed to him. He glanced at it, and then at Miss Gray.

"He has come," he said. "The fellow you can't endure—Harold Vane."

"He is here," she answered, and the pink that came into her cheeks was deeper than the rose color of her Pauline dress.

"He will write some nasty criticisms about us, or he will praise us in his sarcastic way. I wish he had stayed off till to-morrow."

Bert went to receive his guest. He was a slight, well-built young man, with a face that would catch your eye in a crowd for its bright, keen eye, and the color that almost always burned in the dark cheeks.

"I am not in regulation costume," he said. "I had not time to dress. The boat got here only ten minutes ago."

He wore an easy-fitting suit of dark brown, but his quiet, well-bred manner made it seem all right. He had clear-cut features, but there was a subtle, hidden look in his eyes, and a half-smile on his short upper lip.

"Let me introduce you to my brother John and give you a seat beside him," said Bert. "He will tell you who is who on the stage. I must go back. I am one of them, you see," and he glanced at his dress. "Don't view us with a critic's eye."

"I am in too mellifluous a mood to be critical," Vane said. "Your mother regaled me on Roman punch as soon as I came."

He was introduced to Dr. John, and had the seat by him. The curtain was up for the garden scene from the "Lady of Lyons."

"You know the lady," asked John, indicating his betrothed.

"I have met her," answered Vane. He was looking at her through his opera-glass. Presently he caught his eye. He smiled to himself, and saw the nervous change in her manner.

The scene over, the programme called next for a song—an aria from some opera. Irma Brazeele came out to sing it in her white, soft dress, with the white flowers on her bosom.

"Who is she?" Vane asked.

"A young teacher of music and French in our family—Miss Almee Brazeele. A lovely girl."

"Almee Brazeele?"

Vane leaned eagerly forward, and studied the singer's face. He frowned in a puzzled way, and shook his head. Then he looked again, and the puzzled expression came back, but it passed away, and again he slightly shook his head.

Irma was recalled, and she sang a ballad with such wonderful sweetness that Vane forgot to study her features any more.

"Miss Brazeele sings wonderfully well," he said. "There is a wild sweetness in her notes not often heard."

The curtain rose next on the tableau of the "Trombadour," a graceful picture of a knight and a lady. Then there was the tableau of "Judith and Holofernes." As the calcium lights flashed upon the scene, Vane nearly started to his feet. It was a startling picture. The Judith in a rich, dark robe and dark, jewelled-bound brow and flowing midnight hair, was wonderful. Then her look, as her eyes were lifted from the bleeding man she had slain for her country's sake! That look expressed stern triumph, but it expressed also a depth of horror at her own deed. The sight of the blood—of the writhing face, had filled her with horror. The Judith was Irma, and that look on her face was a revelation to Vane. He no longer regarded her with a puzzled look. A light of recognition leaped into his eyes.

"It is the Black Bayou girl," he said to himself. "That is her very look after she had stabbed old Solon Vannah. Miss Almee Brazeele, I know you now!"

He was handed to him from Bert Fontenay.

"Can you sing the final duet in 'La Favorita' with Miss Brazeele?—Fernando's part? If you can, your presence behind the scenes is greatly desired."

He rose and followed the messenger. Bert met him.



Pleasant Dreams.

It does not lie in the painter's fancy to imagine a prettier picture than that of a young girl, with lips luscious with the promise of love, half parted in the smiles of happy dreamland. The mind of happy maidenhood is a clear and polished mirror, which, when the wits go wandering into the ghosialms of dreams, reflects the impressions of waking hours. If those impressions are pleasant and painless and happy, she will smile in her sleep. If the impressions are those of a suffering woman, tortured with the special ailments to which the feminine organism is liable, the picture is spoiled by the lines of suffering and dependency. Maladies of this nature unfit a woman for joyous maidenhood and for capable motherhood. They incapacitate her to bear the burdens of life in any sphere of action. Household, marital and social duties alike are a burden to the woman who is constantly suffering from headaches, backaches, dragging sensations and weakening drains. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription positively, completely, unfailingly cures troubles of this nature. It imparts health, strength, vigor to the distinctly womanly organs. It fits for care-free, healthy maidenhood, happy wifehood and capable motherhood.

"I have a little step-daughter who had St. Vitus's Dance, which your medicine cured," writes Mrs. T. F. Boze, of Ford, Dinwiddie Co., Va. "I spent about twenty dollars for doctor's bills and medicine, and it did not do the child one cent's worth of good. We commenced giving Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and used three bottles of each, which cost only six dollars. Now the child is running around every where and is just as healthy as ever."

### ALMOST CAME TO BLOWS.

An Incident Illustrative of Chicago Language and Theatrical Temper.

The other morning there dropped into the gallery of a photographer who has long made a specialty of taking the pictures of theatrical celebrities a big strapping western man who came to see his friend, the photographer. The young woman behind the counter, who knew the caller, had just been reading in a newspaper a savage "roast" of his native city of Chicago. She handed the paper to the westerner to read, expecting to get some amusement out of his comments. The "Chicagoan" was in the midst of his reading, bristling with wrath, when the husband of a well known actress entered the room. A framed portrait of the actress, taken several years ago, stood on an easel in a corner. The husband walked up to the picture, and after contemplating it for a few minutes said:

"My wife is certainly a remarkable woman. That picture was taken all of five years ago, yet she is younger looking and handsomer today than it is."

Just then the westerner finished the Chicago story.

"Well, I don't think," he exclaimed loudly and emphatically, throwing the paper down upon the counter.

"What right have you, sir, to think anything about it?" demanded the actress' husband angrily.

"Who gave you control over my thinker?" retorted the astonished westerner.

"Think what you please to yourself, but you shan't insult my wife, sir," shouted the husband.

"Your wife? Where is she? Are you a lunatic?"

"No, sir, but you are a big bully," cried the husband, dancing with wrath.

The little woman behind the counter, who had been convulsed with laughter, tried to explain the mistake, but the indignant husband refused to listen. Nothing but an apology would satisfy him, and he made a dramatic exit from the gallery, saying that the westerner would "hear from him again." He went home and wrote a letter to the

Police had white silk with silver stars. Pinned to it was a little note:—

"Miss Almee Brazzale will please accept this dress and wear it to-night. I hope it will fit; I had her measure."

"Isabel Fontenoy."

Irma never had worn so beautiful a dress. She never had worn one that left bare her beautiful bust and arms, as this did but for the filmy lace.

"Do put it on at once!" cried Maddie, running in in her school dress. "To think Belle kept it a secret from me until half an hour ago; and then I found it out by chance. I thought you would never go to your room. Here are your flowers—all white—roses, jasmine and lilies. Bert gathered them. Now for your dress."

It was put on, and the flowers put in their place. Irma could not help looking at herself with pleasure and blushing at Maddie's enthusiastic exclamations. She meant to wear nothing on her neck, but Maddie, who had been kneeling by the little trunk, brought up a locket set with pearls.

"Oh, not that!" exclaimed Irma, turning pale and suddenly remembering all she wanted to forget. The locket contained a picture of Almee Brazzale's mother. Irma had never worn it.

"Oh! but she must, must she not, Belle?" appealing to Miss Fontenoy, who had just stopped at the door, peerless in white silk and old lace.

"Let me see it. Why, it will just suit her dress. And this picture—is it not a portrait of your mother? Certainly you will wear it. Let me clasp it on."

There was no demurring when that imperious voice gave command. But Irma felt as though the millstone of the Bible were fastened about her neck. When she was alone, Belle having taken Maddaloni off to dress, she flung open the window and gaspingly breathed the fresh air. Dark fears tugged at her brain.

"Leave me, leave me!" she cried to them. "The after days, the sleepless nights, shall be for you and me, but let me have this hour, this night free of your yulture beak!"

She went out on the upper balcony to divert her thoughts by watching the arrivals. It was now dark. The sky was full of stars. The grounds below were illuminated with colored lanterns and large stands of blazing pine and light-wood.

The winding walks, the summer-houses and the glittering fountains looked like fairyland to Irma's eyes.

The people had begun to arrive. They came not only from the town, but from the surrounding country. An entertainment at Live Oaks was an unusual thing, and this, it was rumored, would be something unique.

"Our auditorium will be filled to overflowing," announced Belle, with more excitement than her calm, statuesque face and soft, controlled voice had ever been known to show.

"It will soon be time for the performance to begin. Are all our force here?"

She looked around at those marshaled about her in the brightly lighted upper hall. Irma saw them plainly through the window of the verandah. How fine they were in their stage costumes! How beautiful the girls with their picturesquely dressed hair and glowing complexions! Fannie Gray was among the first who had to appear on the stage. It was in the garden scene of the "Lady of Lyons." Her handsome Claude was carrying her bouquet and fan, and she looked happy. Florence Bellamy, as Desdemona, wore white gauze over silver. Miss Pepton, as Portia, wore gold-colored

she had already deceived, and against this young man, who thought her innocent and true. Would he not shrink from her if he knew she was the daughter of an imbecile and unprincipled man—if he should dream that she was the mistress of whom he had read and for whom the police were hunting? If he even knew she was here, an impostor, receiving kindness because of the name and identity she had stolen, he would surely despise her. The thrill of his kiss upon her hand and the beauty of his gift—inscribed with the name of Almee Brazzale—were mixed and marred with pain; and yet when she descended to the hall below her color had deepened, and the soft glow in her eyes had brightened so that John Fontenoy was speechless with surprise as he looked at her. He thought he had never seen such strange, bright loveliness. He stood at the foot of the stairs, and took her hand as she came down, saying, as he drew it through his arm:—

"Belle sent me for you. She wants you to come behind the scenes and help her with the stage management, and all that. You know what a task

Fat is absolutely necessary as an article of diet. If it is not of the right kind it may not be digested. Then the body will not get enough of it. In this event there is fat-starvation.

Scott's Emulsion supplies this needed fat, of the right kind, in the right quantity, and in the form already partly digested.

As a result all the organs and tissues take on activity.

Soc. and \$1.00, all druggists.

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He rose and followed the messenger. But he met him.

"Well?" he said.

"I am singing the part, 'Vane answered, 'Introduce me to Miss Brazzale.' Irma sat in the window, talking to a young man. On their way to her they had to pass Miss Gray. Bert presented his friend. The helress in her long, pink gown swept him a little haughty courtesy.

"I have met Miss Gray before," Vane said, holding out his hand to her. She just touched it.

"A summer acquaintance," she said. "Merely a summer acquaintance," he answered. "I was one of the summer insects that danced in the light of Miss Gray's smile. Fortunately I got off unscathed."

Irma started up as she heard his voice, and looked towards him. He turned his head and came on to where she was sitting. She knelt her fingers together until they were purple in the effort to restrain her emotion. For she knew him. She knew him to be the man she had seen by the flash of lightning on the bank of the bayou—the man whose boat she had taken—the man who knew she had killed Solon Vanhorn, and knew that she had not been drowned.

Her head swam dizzily. Would he know her? His eyes were upon her, but they held no look of recognition. His face gave no sign. They talked of the duet. "Yes," he said, "he thought he could take Fernando's part, though he had not sung it in years. Presently Irma had to chant the Hindoo priestess' prayer in a scene representing the burning of an Indian widow. After which came the casket scene from the 'Merchant of Venice'; and then Irma appeared again in some large tableaux. Lastly, she sang the duet with Harold Vane. She sang with a passion and abandon that made even Bert Fontenoy wonder. She inspired Fernando, and he too sang with fervor. A storm of applause showed how well the audience appreciated the duet. Vane quickly gathered up the bouquets and wreaths and led Irma off the stage, seating her in a retired place.

"It was a success," he said, bending close to her. "I wondered at my own audacity, but I got over ground somehow. And you—you were superb; but I wonder they did not give you some of these delicious flowers" (burying his Grecian nose in a mass of fragrant bloom) "when you played 'Judith.' That was your best role to-night—you had played it in real life—Irma W.!" She looked up at him quickly. Her look was so wild, her face so full of wild terror, that he glanced around in dread lest some one had noticed her. Then he bent over her again.

"Come out with me into the fresh air," he said, "the grounds are lovely."

He did not wait for her to give her consent. He drew her hand through his arm, folded a mantle around her and led her out by a side exit into the open air. Miss Gray looked after them with a clouding face. They were outside; they were walking along side by side and still he did not speak. She could not speak. At last he said:—

"When is Miss Gray and her cousin to be married?"

"In a few weeks," Irma answered huskily.

"If the Fates do not interfere. 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' he answered. 'The Fates have their own way with us sometimes.'"

"So I feel to-night," she said. "I appear to you as a kind of fate. I know. You thought I did not know you. I did not until I saw you as 'Judith.' It was your very look—the look you had when—"

"Hush!" she cried. "For God's sake, do not speak of it! But why do I ask it? Of course you will tell! Of course you will betray me to these people—to the police."

He was silent a moment. Then he said:—"One never knows what one will do. A slight circumstance will turn a purpose. We will talk all this over to-morrow. Till then let us not think of it—let us not speak of it."

He began to talk on other subjects. He spoke of the stage.

"You would make a fine tragic actress. Have you never thought of going upon the stage?" he asked Irma.

"No," she said. "I have formed no idea of what I will do with myself, I have not seemed to belong to myself, but to some power outside my own will."

"Tell me how you came here under the name you bear. How came these people to believe you to be—?"

"I will tell you to-morrow when we have our talk. I am all unwell to-night," she said. "Good, everyone has gone. The last carriage has driven away. Let us go in."

would "hear from him again." He went home and wrote a letter to the photographer saying that he had been insulted and threatening to withdraw his wife's custom if the apology was not forthcoming. The photographer was obliged to write several letters before he could calm the troubled waters. Meantime the Chicoman went home, firm in the conviction that he had narrowly escaped hitting a crazy man.—New York Sun.

## THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

Nineteen Commandments Which, if Kept, May Insure One Hundred Years.

Sir James Sawyer, a well known physician of Birmingham, England, has been confiding to an audience in that town the secret of longevity. Keep the following 19 commandments, and Sir James sees no reason why you should not live to be 100:

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults) Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country if you can.
15. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp and drains.
16. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition.
19. Keep your temper.

## Moonshine.

A sailor on one of Uncle Sam's warships writes to a newspaper in his native city as follows:

"Whatever scientists say to the contrary, every sea captain knows that moonlight can twist a man's face out of shape if it shines on him while he sleeps. And that it will spoil food, too, much quicker than sunlight. One night as well tell me that a whale does not know when its trail is crossed, even when it is miles away. Whalers all know that, and if they can't explain it they are just as sure of it as they are that there is a rise and fall of tides.

"Moonlight will sour milk, too, a lot quicker than sunlight, and it will spoil fish or pork quicker too. Townfolk don't believe all this, but most farmers know it."

"Every seafaring man has seen how moonlight acts. Down in the south, where I've been a good deal, they say that if the moon shines on a newborn baby it will have green eyes. They say the same thing in France too."



## Beauty without Health is impossible.

## LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Bring Health, then Beauty follows. They clear the muddy complexion, chase away Sick Headaches and Bilious Spells, cure Dyspepsia and remove all poisonous matter from the System.

Small bottles were sent 12 to each of the leading druggists and chemists in the United States and Canada.



# This is not a "Guess Work" Store.

You are not taking a chance, nor depending upon good luck when you buy here.

We sell you dependable goods at prices that daze the regular dealer, and if the goods are not to your fancy when you reach home you can always be sure to get your cash back when you ask for it.

**Every Day in the year is a Bargain Day here.**

We want you to see

Our Neckwear,  
Our Shirts,  
Our Hats and Caps,  
Our ready-to-wear Clothing  
Our Scotch Tweed Suitings,  
and West of England Trowserings.

We give you the opportunity.  
Save a dollar when you can.

## J. L. Boyes.

R. R. Tickets sold to all points.

## Now is the Time to Buy.

Disk Harrows, Post Augers, Bag Holders, Washing Machines and Wringers, Tub Stands and Wagon Jacks, Phenyle and in fact all kinds of spring goods. You had better buy before the busy time comes on.

We have a lot of these goods and it will pay you to see them before buying elsewhere.

## SANDERSON & BIRRELL,

AGENTS.

At M. S. Plumley's Old Stand. Napanee.

Repairs of all kinds secured promptly.

## Farmer's Attention. Wheat

and all kinds of grain wanted at Dafoe's Big Mill, Napanee. Highest cash price paid 85c for good Spring Wheat and having an order for several cars of splendid wheat will pay as high as 65c for good samples.

I also want bright barley to fill an order and it will pay you to sell yours and buy colored barley to feed.

Bring on your gristing. Feed ground fine on short notice. Wheat exchanged for flour. I give 35 lbs noneuch for standard wheat and 37 Ontario wheat flour for standard and other grades in proportion to value. Bring your samples and get prices.

## J. R. DAFOE.

CARLETON WOODS.  
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.  
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JOHN POLLARD,  
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Express Office, Napanee.  
Strictly Private and Confidential.

## The Napanee Express

Monday.

The Rockwoods defeated Napanee by 2 in the curling match at Kingston last week.

The governors of the Kingston General Hospital are appealing to the public for \$3,000.

Miss Jenn e Fleming, of Amherst Island, was married to Wm. Jamieson, of Kingston on Feb. 3rd.

Rev. J. G. Lewis, B. A. has by a unanimous vote been invited to remain Pastor of Tamworth circuit, for a third year.

In a fire in Dr. Moore's Livery stables, Cobourg, on Wednesday morning, Wm. Dorris, an employee, was fatally burned.

Mr. Josh Bennett, while working at Brockville had the misfortune to have the two fingers of his left hand crushed recently.

The diseases cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla are many, because most ailments disappear as soon as the blood is enriched and purified by it.

At a special meeting of the town council on Monday the council purchased 500 feet of hose from the Gutta Percha Rubber Co., of Toronto. The consideration was 87c. per foot.

We were in error in stating in last week's issue that Mr. and Mrs. Desmore Davis were the happy possessors of a son. Mistakes will crop up in the best regulated newspaper offices.

A. S. Kimmerly will pay the highest prices for clean timothy and choice red clover seed, bring your samples, will pay \$1 each for prime coon skins, Koewatan flour beats the world.

William J. Hambly, of North Fredericksburgh, was married to Miss Laura E., youngest daughter of Jno. F. Parks, of Hay Bay, on Feb., 23rd.

The Temperance meeting announced to be held in the Leonard block on Sunday afternoon next, and addressed by Mr. Alex. Karr, has been unavoidably postponed until Sunday, March 13th.

Just arrived at Chinneck's Jewellery Store a nice lot of knives and forks, berry spoons, pea and tomato ladies, soup ladles, cheese scoops, etc., beautiful patterns and quality guaranteed. Call and see them.

Mr. W. H. Meagher, of Napanee, was seriously injured about the head in a railway accident near Sherbrooke last week. He is resting quietly at Sherbrooke at present, but will not be able to return to his home here for a few days.

Last week the Beaver stated that Chas. Stevens, Sr. had made a large shipment of bone and ash fertilizer to the Guelph Agricultural College, and insinuated that the Government took this way of securing Mr. Stephens' influence in the election. The large shipment consisted of four barrels.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McQuain, of Greta, were pleasantly surprised on Monday evening by a load of young people from Napanee and vicinity dropping in upon them and spending the evening with them. The visitors returned in the wee small hours of the morning after having spent a very enjoyable evening.

Better Than Klondike Cold Is health and strength gained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It fortifies the whole system and gives you such strength that nervous troubles cease, and work which seemed wearing and laborious, becomes easy and is cheerfully performed. It has done this for others, why not for you.

On Feb. 16th, William Richardson, a yard brakeman for the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus Railway Company, was run down and instantly killed by being run over by a train at Mount Vernon, Ohio. Mr. Richardson was a former resident of Napanee and a son of Mr. James Richardson. He left here some seven years ago. Deceased was 30 years of age and leaves wife and one child.

Servant Wanted.

Wanted good general servant in a small family, wages \$8 per month. No children to look after. Apply at once by addressing post office box No. 13, Napanee.

Napanee Wood Yard.

Corner Mill and Robinson street, hard, soft, cut, or in cordwood, Trenton dry edgings and blocks. Reasonable rates. A call solicited. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. S. J. HOWARD. Telephone 81.

Ticket Agency Re-Opened.

The Grand Trunk R. R. have re-opened their town ticket agency. Tickets to all points can now be purchased from Mr. J.

**DETLOR'S SYRUP OF TAR**  
.....AND WILD CHERRY  
**FOR COUGHS, COLDS**  
and all Pulmonary Affections.  
IT'S GOOD. TRY IT. Sold at  
**MEDICAL HALL.**

### LECTURE.

Mr. Alexander McNeill, of Windsor, a director of the Ontario Fruit Grower's Association, will deliver a lecture before the Napanee Horticultural Society at the Town Hall on Wednesday, evening 9th of March. The subject of the lecture will be "Flowers for Beginners" and will be illustrated by Stereoscopic views. Mr. McNeill has had long experience in the growing of flowers and fruits, and should be heard by all lovers of flowers. The lecture will be FREE and all are cordially invited. A good musical programme will in addition be presented.

### WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

It was nine a.m. on Friday, Feb. 25th, Anno Domini 1898, and the editor of the Star sat in his sanctum-sanctorium with a wet cloth on his fevered brow and with his left hand meditatively stroking his whiskers. On his lap rested an 800 page pad of paper and between the thumb and the index finger of his right hand a lead pencil two inches in length, was firmly grasped. A convulsive shudder passed over his frame. His eyes glistened. He grasped the pad and commenced to write rapidly. The editor of the Star had "thought" a big "thunk" and was putting it on paper so that it might be handed down to posterity through the medium of the Twinkler. He wrote:

"We owe our success in life to our policy of putting 300 pounds of star fertilizer on a 100 pound farm."

"There" muttered the great man, as he lighted a 25 cent cigar, "is another Star's subscription going up in smoke."

He fell into a reverie, from which he was rudely awakened by the entrance of the office boy with the morning's mail.

A hard, steely glitter came into his eyes as his eagle glance skimmed over the columns of his contemporary, The Beaver.

"The milk in the coconut" he muttered, and as he read a great transformation took place. His mild air left him, the 800 page pad was hoisted on to the safe and the 2 inch lead pencil was cast contemptuously aside.

The Beaver had cast aspersions on the Star's independence, and boldly stated that the editor had been bought by an order of bone and ash fertilizer. It insinuated that he would turn over several time yet before election day if sufficient inducement was not forthcoming to keep him in his present course. The editor of the Star was warm, and small wonder.

"The vile catiff," he hissed, "I will smite him in his den." With an angry snort he vanished in the direction of the Beaver office.

SPASM II.

The editor of the Beaver sat in his front office, looking over his favorite exchange, THE EXPRESS, and enjoying himself. He had no fear of impending danger. The hurried entrance of a small man in his coat sleeves disturbed him. The small man was pectulating wildly and applying words more forcible than polite to the editor of the Beaver. He was talking fight. He lunged at the Beaver man who parried the assault with his knee. Two employees of the Star appeared upon the scene and sorely against his will they induced the editor of the Star to return to his sanctum.

CONCLUSION.

The editor of the Star showed great valor in bearding the presiding head of the Beaver in his den. The Star man declares that in a large field and with no favor he could pulverize the Beaver man. The editor of the Beaver has long since retired from the fistie arena. People who remember the Beaver man in his school boy days, however, say that if he had let himself loose, (discarded the pen for the sword, so to speak) there would have been only two blows struck, viz: The Beaver man would

# Hardy and Good Government.

## LENNOX REDEEMED

### The Government Returned with a Reduced Majority.



PREMIER HARDY.

The campaign is over and the Hardy Government has been sustained with a decreased majority. While the Government held their own fairly well, the Patrons were utterly routed and only one solitary representative, Mr. Tucker, of West Wellington, will face the speaker in the next Legislature. Four years ago seventeen Independents were elected and it was here that the Conservatives secured their strength. Had there been Liberal nominees running against the Conservatives instead of the Patrons the result would have been vastly different. As it is the Liberals gained 12 seats and lost 15, while the Patrons lost 12 seats.

The election on Tuesday has delivered a death blow to Patronism as a political factor. Henceforth the fight will be between the two great parties. J. L. Haycock, the Patron leader, went under in Frontenac, and Currie is numbered among the slain in West Simcoe.

The Liberals lost two ministers, Col. Gibson, of Hamilton, and the Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture. On the Conservative side Dr. Willoughby, Dr. Meacham, Mr. Magwood and St. John, of pork fame, have been vanquished.

(THE LIBERALS ELECTED ARE:

Algoma, E., C. F. Farewell.  
Algoma, W., James Connee.  
Brant, N., D. Bent.  
Brant, S., A. S. Hardy.  
Brockville, Geo. P. Graham.  
Bruce, N., C. M. Bowman.  
Bruce, S., R. E. Truax.  
Bruce, C., A. Molcolm.  
Elgin, W., D. MacNish.  
Essex, N., W. F. McKee.  
Essex, S., J. A. Auld.  
Haldimand, J. W. Holmes.  
Halton, John R. Barber.  
Huron, E., A. Hyslop.  
Hastings, E., S. Russell.  
Kent, E., R. Ferguson.  
Kent, W., T. L. Pardo.  
Kingston, Wm. Hartly.  
Lambton, E., H. J. Pettypiece.  
Lambton, W., F. E. Pardee.  
Lanark, N., W. C. Caldwell.  
Lennox, B. E. Aylsworth.  
London, Col. Leye.

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 50 per line for each insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 100 per line each insertion.

Thos. Meagher, of Kingston, died this week.

Joshua Sagar, of Richmond township, died on Feb. 23rd, aged 73 years.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure. A good many of us think frankness means to have others tell us how nice we are.

Although Tuesday was our annual Fair day there was no fun nor horse trades. An election is hard on Fair day.

Lamps. Lamps. The largest assortment and without doubt the finest lamps in town. They are worth looking at if you don't buy. BOYLE & SON.

Abel Yates is publishing a little book entitled "Truth and Fiction," and is at present taking orders for it. The price is eight cents. He has copyrighted it in Canada and the United States.

John Mack, the tramp, who was recently placed in limbo for making himself obnoxious on the streets, was sentenced to six months in Central prison by Police Magistrate Daly on Friday of last week.

Parties wishing to purchase best Canadian and pure white American coal oil, would find it to their advantage to call on J. J. Perry, druggist, agent for the Queen City Oil Co., Sarnia oil works.

Andrew Culbertson, a noble redman, who is no stranger to the inside of a goal, was sentenced at Deseronto last week to 30 days in the county coop. Andrew had an attack of his old complaint, drunk and disorderly.

Tuesday was hog day as well as election and fair day. There were more grunting porkers purchased in Napanee on Tuesday than on any day in its history. Bicknell Bros. and Messrs. Reid and Trimble were the buyers.

Go to R. Lawson's meat market for prime fresh beef, pork, veal, lamb and all kinds of salted meat. Home-made sausage and all kinds of poultry in season, fine sugar cured hams and English breakfast bacon, always on hand. Prices to suit the times. 2247

The Reformers at Robin hope that in case of another election the same speakers and the same brass band will be in attendance at the Conservative meetings as were employed in the contest just closed. They say that another such meeting as was held on Monday night will make Robin hopelessly Reform.

Anything the matter with your eyes? We will tell you what is best to do without charge. If you need glasses we will tell you just the kind you need, but you will not be pressed to buy them here, although you won't be able to get your eyes as well fitted as we can. Eyes which others have failed on are constantly fitted successfully by us: A. F. Chinneck, at F. Chinneck's Jewellery store.

All preparations had been completed for the marriage of a widower and widow at Sydenham last week. The wedding cake was in readiness, the company had assembled and the minister was ready and waiting. The widow that kicked over the traces. She averred that she detected the odor of whisky on the prospective groom's breath, and as he had solemnly promised to abstain from intoxicants and had thus broken his promise the match was declared off and the guests departed.

Conan Doyle tells a story of a friend of his who had often been told that there is a skeleton in the cupboard of every household, no matter how respectable the house may be, and he determined to put his opinion to a practical test. Selecting for the subject of his experiment a venerable archdeacon of the church, against whom the most censorious critic had never breathed a word, he went to the nearest post-office, and despatched this telegram to the reverend gentlemen: "All is discovered. Fly at once!" The archdeacon disappeared and has never been heard of since. This story may be taken for what it is worth.

#### What Two Cents will Prove.

For a two cent stamp Francis U. Kahle, 127 Bay St., Toronto, will send a free sample of Trask's Magnetic Ointment and cook book to anyone suffering from Rheumatism, Chilblains, Eczema, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Bruises, Fever Sores. It is a soothing remedy for all these ailments.

points can now be purchased from 'Mr. J. L. Boyes, and all confusion at the depot thus avoided. The public will find this a great convenience.

#### Death of an Aged Resident.

James Lake, an aged and highly respected resident of Napanee, passed the Great Divide on Saturday, after a short illness. Deceased resided with Mr. Wm. Wales and was seventy-four years of age. The funeral took place on Monday to the Napanee cemetery.

#### Death of Mr. Dingman.

On Sunday Richard Dingman passed away at the residence of his brother, Mr. Manson Dingman, of McDonald. Deceased was 49 years and 11 months of age and was a highly esteemed and respected resident. He was stricken with paralysis at the Bethany tea meeting from which he never recovered. Deceased was unmarried. The funeral took place on Wednesday to the Napanee cemetery and was largely attended.

#### Better Late than Never.

Dear Editor—Will you convey our thanks to our many customers and friends in town for the help they gave us last year by buying our plants, fruit, vegetables and seeds. Those who bought our seeds last year tell us they are going to come again so come along and see for yourselves before you buy elsewhere. Plants and seeds at the store on the market square or at our greenhouses, Piety Hill. Floral designs a specialty. And if you want Nursery Stock give me a call in good time. I will guarantee good stock. Yours truly, GEO. LLOYD, Florist, Napanee.

#### Very Yellow.

The Napanee hockey club journeyed to Kingston on Saturday to play a game presumably, with the Rockwoods. The aggregation they ran up against was a combination of Queen's, Frontenac's and Rockwoods. It wasn't a hockey match. The Kingston men were trying how hard they could slug the Napanee team without committing manslaughter. At half time a number of the supporters of the Napanee team advised them to leave the ice, but they played on to the end. A yellow aggregation than the team that was pitted against Napanee on Saturday night happily does not exist in Canada. Not content with slugging the members of the team the Kingston men went so far as to assault the Napanee time-keeper and the goal umpire. The score was given out as 11 to 1 in favor of Kingston. Napanee defeated the Rockwoods 6 to 0 in Napanee.

#### Live Hogs vs. Dressed.

The following is taken from the Walkerton Telescope and will be of interest to those who have hogs for sale. A question much debated among the farmers at present, is whether it is more profitable to sell their hogs by live weight or to kill and dress them before selling. An item in last week's Herald says that Mr. R. Johnston of Brant, by killing his own hogs made \$1.09 on each hog. The truth of this statement has been called in question, and here are a few examples which would seem to show that it is more profitable to sell the hogs by live weight. John McLean had six hogs which weighed 1565 lbs, live weight. They were good ones and he was offered \$4.60 per cwt. for them. This would have netted him \$71.69. He declined the offer and killed them himself. When dressed they weighed 1189 pounds. He sold the pork for 6c a lb., receiving \$71.34, so that, had he sold them by live weight he would have been 65 cents ahead, besides saving the expense of killing. D. C. Wilson had four hogs, which weighed, live weight, 550 lbs. He was offered and accepted \$4.50 per cwt. for them, amounting to \$24.85. These hogs when dressed weighed 408 lbs, which would amount to \$24.48, so that by selling live weight, Mr. Wilson was just 27 cents ahead. Richard Sutton had six hogs, weighing, live weight, 1075 lbs. He was offered \$48.82 for them. He decided to do his own butchering. These hogs, when dressed, weighed 836 pounds, and he received for his pork \$50.16, or \$1.34 more than he would have received had he sold by live weight. Thus we see that out of three examples, Sutton was the only one who made anything by doing his own butchering, and even he only received 24 cents a hog for his labor. As figures don't lie, it would seem pretty evident that it pays farmers better to sell their hogs on foot than to butcher them.

SICK HEADACHE, however annoying and distressing, is positively cured by LAXA-LIVER PILLS. They are easy to take and never grime.

have struck the editor of the Star, and the Star man would have struck the floor. As to the outcome of a battle royal between the two, we venture no opinion.

#### Servant Wanted.

A general servant. Apply to Mrs. Jarvis at the Rectory.

#### Wedding Bells.

A happy event took place at the residence of Mr. Sanford Brown, South Fredericksburgh on Wednesday evening, when his eldest daughter, Miss Bertha M., was united in wedlock to Mr. Wm. Stratton, of Melita, Manitoba. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. L. Adam, of Adolphustown, at 8 o'clock p.m. in the presence of a few intimate friends of both the contracting parties. Miss M. Griffith, of Napanee, acted as bridesmaid, while Dr. N. G. Sills, of Napanee, acted as best man. The groom is a former resident of this county, removing to Manitoba some few years ago, where he has amassed considerable wealth. It was a fitting climax that he should come back to marry his old sweetheart. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. R. Cadman, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Monley Whyte, and Mr. Robert L. Henry. The bride was the recipient of many handsome wedding presents. The happy couple left on Thursday for their home in Manitoba, taking with them the good wishes of their many friends for their future happiness. The bride's sister accompanied her.

#### The Napanee Bicycle Works.

While down street recently, our attention was drawn to the very neatly arranged show windows of Napanee's principal dealer in bicycles, Mr. W. J. Normile. On going in to have a chat about the prospects of the trade for the coming season, we were surprised at the display of bicycles on hand. Along the western side of the show room are a large number of wheels that for style and quality could not be excelled in the large cities. Mr. Normile was nothing loth to talk and answered numerous questions very courteously. Being asked to point out the improvements on the '98 bicycles, he directed our attention to the Massey-Harris Lady's, Model C, the highest of all high grade wheels. This wheel is much admired, has a large sale, and pleased thousands of fair riders. The next was the Gent's Model, No. 3, the new features being the dropping of the crank bracket, the triple crown, and the new inverted bearings and numerous other improvements that will add to the beauty and efficiency of this excellent standard wheel. Mr. Normile is also agent for the celebrated Crescent Bicycles manufactured by the Western Wheel Works, of Chicago, the largest bicycle manufacturers in the world, having a capacity of 700 wheels a day. A full line of these wheels are kept in stock and compare the following lines: gent's, lady's children's and tandems, also the chainless gear and racers. The Crescents are known as the popular wheels at standard prices, and judging from the appearance of the wheels, we predict a large sale in '98. An immense line of sundries is carried, as a look around convinced us. Anything and everything for any make of wheels kept in stock at rock bottom prices. The repairing department is complete in every particular. Mr. Normile having, it might be said, grown up in the bicycle trade and his long experience will enable him to do work second to none. The Bicycle Livery will be continued on a much larger scale than heretofore and will be all '98 model machines and always kept in first class running order. Wheels for children will be kept for hire at reasonable rates. Mr. Normile has also in connection with his establishment a riding school indoors. With a large riding floor space, parties will be able to secure lessons at any time. In short, Mr. Normile has the most complete establishment of its kind and we would advise intending purchasers to call and see him in the Mills Block, sign of the Golden Wheel.

The Loyal True Blues, of Picton, will start an Orphan's Home.

**JOHNSON'S PAINT**  
"Prism Brand"  
MIXED READY TO USE  
SOLD AT  
THE MEDICAL HALL  
W. S. Detlor.

Middlesex, N., W. H. Taylor.  
Middlesex, W., Geo. W. Ross.  
Monck, R. Harcourt.  
Muskoka, Dr. Bridgeland.  
Nipissing, J. Loughrin.  
Norfolk, S., W. A. Charlton.  
Norfolk, N., E. C. Carpenter.  
Northumberland, E., J. H. Douglas.  
Northumberland, W., S. Clarke.  
Ottawa, Alex. Lumsden.  
Oxford, N., A. Pattullo.  
Oxford, S., Dr. McKay.  
Parry Sound, W. R. Beattie.  
Peel, J. Smith.  
Perth, N., J. Brown.  
Peterborough, E., T. Blezard.  
Peterboro, W., J. R. Stratton.  
Prescott, A. E. Vanturel.  
Renfrew, S., R. A. Campbell.  
Welland, W. German.  
Wellington, E., J. Craig.  
Wellington, S., J. Nutrie.  
Wentworth, S., J. Dickenson.  
York, E., J. Richardson.  
York, W., W. J. Hill.  
York, N., E. J. Davis.—49.

THE CONSERVATIVES ELECTED ARE.  
Addington, Jas. Reid.  
Cardwell, A. E. Little.  
Carleton, G. N. Kidd.  
Dufferin, Dr. Barr.  
Dundas, J. P. Whitney.  
Durham, E. W. A. Fallis.  
Durham, W., W. H. Reid.  
Elgin, E., C. W. Bower.  
Frontenac, J. S. Gallagher.  
Glengarry, Dr. McDonald.  
Grenville, R. L. Joynt.  
Grey, C., J. B. Lucas.  
Grey, S., Dr. Jamieson.  
Grey, N., G. M. Boyd.  
Hamilton, E., H. Carscallen.  
Hamilton, W., E. A. Colquhoun.  
Hastings, W., M. B. Morrisson.  
Hastings, N., W. J. Allen.  
Huron, S., H. Eilber.  
Huron, W., J. Beck.  
Lanark, S., Col. Mathieson.  
Leeds, W. Beatty.  
Lincoln, Dr. Jessop.  
Middlesex, E., T. G. Hodgins.  
Ottawa, C. B. Powell.  
Ontario, N., W. H. Hoyle.  
Ontario, S., C. Calder.  
Perth, S., N. Menteith.  
Prince Edward, W. R. Dempsey.  
Renfrew, N., A. T. White.  
Simcoe, W., J. S. Duff.  
Simcoe, E., A. Miscampbell.  
Simcoe, C., A. B. Thompson.  
Stormont, J. McLaughlin.  
Toronto, E., Dr. Pyne.  
Toronto, W., Thos. Crawford.  
Toronto, S., J. J. Foy.

## NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY....

Our importations for for spring are arriving daily and we are able to show the latest colorings and designs,

## Spring Suitings Overcoatings

and the newest styles in Hats and Furnishings.

No trouble to replace stock.

## D. J. Hogan & SON.

Sole agents for the Wilkinson and and Henry Carter Hats



Toronto, N., G. F. Marter.  
 Victoria, E., J. H. Carnegie.  
 Victoria, W., S. J. Fox.  
 Waterloo, S., W. A. Kribs.  
 Waterloo, N., H. G. Lackner.  
 Wentworth, N., T. A. Waddell. — 44.

OTHERS.  
 Wellington, W., Tucker, Patron.  
 Russel, Vacant.  
 In Parry Sound, Benthie, Independent,  
 has always supported the Government.



BOWEN E. AYLSWORTH.

Election day passed off quietly in Lennox, but both sides worked hard to get out the vote. In Napanee the big Liberal majority of 41 was a boomerang for the Conservatives, and when the result was announced, Mr. Aylsworth's election was conceded by all.

In the evening the returns were announced by a joint committee of Reformers and Conservatives, from the Beaver office Dundas street was lined with a surging mass of spectators, who held their position until well nigh 11 o'clock p.m. The returns were bulletined by means of a stereopticon, manipulated by Archie Clarke, on a cloth stretched across the window of the Beaver office. Between the returns the interest of the crowd was sustained by several comical views, and at stated intervals the operators rang in a line intimating that they were somewhat dry. At this several choice spirits in the crowd commenced singing that favorite melody, "How dry we are, etc. It was a good natured crowd, and seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

At the Reform committee rooms Bowen E. Aylsworth, M. P. P., held a levee from 8 p.m. until 10.30 p.m., where he received the hearty congratulations of his friends on his magnificent victory. Mr. Aylsworth is proud of Napanee and announced that if ever he made up his mind to leave Bath he would certainly take up his residence in Napanee.



DR. MEACHAM.

At the Conservative committee rooms a number of the faithful party workers congregated and about 8 p.m. they were joined by Dr. Meacham. They consoled one another with the reflection that if they had lost Lennox they made substantial gains in other parts of the Province.

The following is a complete return of the result of the polling in Lennox on Tuesday.

	Aylsworth.	Meacham.
Amherst Island .....	128	94
Adolphustown, No. 1 .....	73	56

# The Popular Dry Goods House

WILL SHOW AGAIN  
**FOR SATURDAY,**  
 5th March,

25 doz. Check Glass Towels,  
 size 12x26 in., per pair **5c.**

ALSO

**New Chenille Curtains**  
 in all shades, 4 yards long,  
 34 in. wide, double dado and  
 heavy fringe, per pair **\$2.39**

We are opening tons of new goods this week, and  
 are ready for early buyers of

- |                                 |                     |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| <i>Grey and White Cottons</i>   | <i>New Caps</i>     |
| <i>Prints and Cretonnes</i>     | <i>New Hats</i>     |
| <i>Lace Curtains and Laces</i>  | <i>New Clothing</i> |
| <i>Embroideries and Muslins</i> | <i>New Tweeds</i>   |

**Sahery & McKenty**  
 NAPANEE



**PERSONALS.**  
 Mr. Harry Mowers and Mr. "Joe" Brown left for Deloraine, Man., this week with a car load of horses.  
 Mrs. J. R. Scott was "At Home" to a number of her friends one evening this week.  
 Miss H. Connolly, of Yarker, was in town on Thursday.  
 A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. James Vine, of Vine's Corners, pleasantly surprised them by dropping in upon them and taking possession of the house. A most enjoyable time was spent.  
 Messrs. Fred Maybee and Chas. Dewey are clerking in the new store.  
 Miss Johnson returned to her home in Fergus on Monday after a pleasant visit with friends in town.

**Church of England Notes.**  
**CHURCH OF S. MARY MAGDALENE**—Sunday Services: Holy Communion I and III Sundays of the month after Matins; II, IV and V Sundays at 8 a.m. Matins every Sunday at 11 a.m., Evensong at 7 p.m. Leaflets with service in full distributed at Evensong.  
**PARISH OF CAMDEN**—Services Sunday next: St. Luke's, Camden East, morning prayer and holy communion 11 a.m.; St. Anthony, Yarker, 3 o'clock; St. John, Newburgh, 7 o'clock; St. Jude, Napanee

Bath, No. 1, maj for Aylsworth 40	53	64
N. FREDERICKSBURG	77	81
Town Hall, No. 1	73	58
Hough's, No. 2	47	101
Shelf's, No. 3	50	71
S. FREDERICKSBURG	108	78
Town Hall, No. 1	55	61
Hawley, No. 2	105	101
ERNESTOWN	67	76
Mill Haven, No. 1, maj for Meacham 13	82	108
Storms' Corners, No. 2	99	70
Odessa, No. 3	77	71
Switzville, No. 4	77	53
Wilton, No. 5	70	90
Odessa, No. 6	77	53
RICHMOND	70	90
Long's, No. 1	77	53
Selly, No. 2	77	53
Forest Mills, No. 3, maj for Meacham 19	77	53
Roblin, No. 4, maj for Meacham 19	77	53
NAPANEE	77	53
West Ward, No. 1	77	53
Centre Ward, No. 1	77	53
East Ward	77	53

Majority for Aylsworth, 49

The following was the result of the vote in 1890.

Amherst Island	58	23	15	1
Adolphustown, No. 1	43	57	15	20
" No. 2	51	20	30	1
Bath	51	20	30	1
S. FREDERICKSBURG	51	20	30	1
Town Hall, No. 1	51	20	30	1
Hawley, No. 2	51	20	30	1
Shelf's, No. 3	51	20	30	1
N. FREDERICKSBURG	51	20	30	1
Town Hall, No. 1	51	20	30	1
Hough's, No. 2	51	20	30	1
ERNESTOWN	51	20	30	1
Mill Haven, No. 1	51	20	30	1
Storms' Corners, No. 2	51	20	30	1
Odessa, No. 3	51	20	30	1
Switzville, No. 4	51	20	30	1
Wilton, No. 5	51	20	30	1
RICHMOND	51	20	30	1
Long's, No. 1	51	20	30	1
Selly, No. 2	51	20	30	1
Forest Mills, No. 3	51	20	30	1
Roblin, No. 4	51	20	30	1
NAPANEE	51	20	30	1
West Ward, No. 1	51	20	30	1
Centre Ward, No. 1	51	20	30	1
East Ward	51	20	30	1

Majority for Meacham, 22.

The following was the result of the vote in 1894.

ADOLPHUSTOWN	20	50	36
Polling Sub-Division No. 1	2	1	12
S. FREDERICKSBURG	48	65	20
Polling Sub-Division No. 1	2	1	12
N. FREDERICKSBURG	56	37	29
Polling Sub-Division No. 1	3	4	49
" " " " " "	18	30	41
Bath, Polling Sub-Division No. 1	18	21	81
Amherst Island, Polling Sub-Div. No. 1	50	53	33
ERNESTOWN	25	37	19
Polling Sub-Division No. 1	2	60	66
" " " " " "	3	16	52
" " " " " "	4	53	30
" " " " " "	5	13	61
" " " " " "	6	11	55
RICHMOND	35	39	35
Polling Sub-Division No. 1	2	35	44
" " " " " "	3	49	31
" " " " " "	4	51	56
NAPANEE	8	46	61
West Ward Polling Sub-Division No. 1	2	3	64
Centre " " " " " "	1	10	68
East " " " " " "	2	7	65
" " " " " "	1	9	41

Majority for Meacham, 112.

NOTES.

Haycock was defeated by a majority of 132 in Frontenac.

At the Conservative meeting at Roblin on Monday night Alex. Karr pulverized the "Boss Bible" and waded into Rome up to the armpits. We were informed that the Conservatives had dropped sectarian ories.

The hog with the cholera has been numbered, signed, sealed and finally passed.

M. S. Russell, of Deseronto carried East Hastings with ease. He will be a valuable addition to the next Legislature.

The genial Geo. Graham, of the Brockville Recorder, will be an acquisition to the debating talent of the Government.

IN ADDITION.

The result in Addington is still in doubt, but Reid's election, by a small majority, is conceded. Owing to the difficulty of securing accurate returns from the back of the county we have decided to hold over the result of the polling in this riding until next week, when it will be given in full.

An unconfirmed dispatch from Cornwall states that J. McLaughlin the newly elected M.P.P. for Stormont dropped dead on Wednesday last from heart failure.

HON. G. W. ROSS.

The above is a likeness of the gentleman whom a conservative speaker at Roblin on Monday night called a thief. As a result Dr. Meacham's majority was reduced from 48 to 19.

Occupations of the members—Farmers, 29; lawyers, 14; doctors, 6; journalists, 5; lumbermen, 7; merchants, 5; stock breeders, 2; manufacturers, 2; insurance agents, 3; mill owners, 6; contractors, 2; tanners, 2; auctioneer, 1; undertaker, 1; dominion land surveyor, 1; cattle dealer, 1; broker, 1; steamboat agent, 1; unclassified, two.

So Say We All.

The Toronto Globe is of the opinion that Coxworthy, the Kingston hockey player, has no business in a game played by decent people.

A Total Surprise.

On Wednesday evening between thirty and forty of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fralick's near relatives and friends, including Miss Dalton, of Belleville, and Mr. Laidley, of Odessa, surprised them greatly by walking in with full baskets of everything that could be desired to satisfy the appetites, and Master Blake Fralick bringing up the rear with a large sack of pop corn on his shoulder. An enjoyable evening was spent with games and music, until the small wee hours. It being Mrs. Fralick's birthday she received a number of very nice presents.

Her First Appearance.

Mr. H. H. Allison, of Adolphustown, informs us that Madame Albina, the famous cantatrice, made her first appearance in public as a singer at an entertainment held in the Adolphustown school house a goodly number of years ago. She was quite a little girl then, and accompanied the Rev. Manly Benson from Prince Edward County expressly to sing at the entertainment. The celebrated prima donna, who has since won the plaudits of the world, was introduced to that Adolphustown audience as little Miss Lazier.

OBITUARY.

Bertha Ellen Harten, daughter of the late Henry D. Harten, was born on the 6th concession of Camden, Feb. 3rd 1862, and died at the old home Feb. 5th, 1898. She was soundly converted to God about twelve years ago under the preaching of the now sainted Rev. Jas. Curtis who was at that time stationed at Newburgh. She immediately united with the Methodist church, remaining a devoted consistent member of the same until her death. Her last sickness was such that she wasted away for slowly rolling weeks, but never did she murmur or complain but with patient forbearance and well doing waited for glory, immortality eternal life. Her favorite hymn No. 50 in the hymnal was frequently sung at her request, Oh safe to the rock that is higher than I. Her sweet trustful disposition and loving christian experience was brought out by the chorus of this hymn. "Hiding in Thee, Thou blest Rock of Ages I'm hiding in Thee." During the last hours while anxious to go away and be at rest, she seemed to enjoy a holy communion with her dear departed and once was heard to say "Come mother and help me across the river." Dear sweet sister she left the world without a tear, save for the friends she held so dear. Her funeral was very large and respectable. Her pastor the Rev. J. S. McMullen improved the occasion by preaching from 23rd Psalm 4th verse. The remains were placed in the Centre-ville vault.

EIGHTY UNFORTUNATES.

Is the Estimated Proportion in every Hundred People in this Climate Effected with that Dread Disease Catarrh—How easily the Proportion Would be Reversed if Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder was Universally Used—It Relieves in 10 Minutes.

"Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder benefited me at once, and it's so easy to apply," says Rev. W. H. Main, of Emmanuel Baptist church, Buffalo. Thousands more in professional, and in the humbler callings of life, could say Amen to this statement. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gives relief in from 10 to 60 minutes in most acute cases. Now is the season of severe weather changes, and now is the season when disease germs develop. That slight sneezing cold in the head may mean that the seeds of chronic catarrh have been sown. The tested cure is the safest and quickest.

Mr. Geo. Johnson, of Belleville, spent Sunday in town, the guest of C. T. Botting.

Mr. J. J. Johnston, of Bath, was in town on Wednesday.

Miss Ella Dalton, of Belleville, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. T. Botting.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Casey celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their marriage on Thursday.

Miss Emma Empey has been visiting friends in Yarker.

Mr. Alex. Lafferty, sr., moved out on to his farm this week.

Mr. Geo. Harrison, who has been spending the winter in Picton, returned to town on Wednesday and will take a position in the new store.

Mr. William Osborne and son, Hubert, of Frederickton, N. B., were the guests of their aunt Mrs. G. E. Mayhew, on Tuesday last.

Mrs. D. E. Rose, of Tamworth, and Mrs. (Rev.) Chant, of Newburgh, have been spending a few days with their father, Mr. P. M. McKim, who has returned from his trip to the States.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kerr have taken up their residence in the house lately occupied by W. D. Madden, Dundas street.

Miss George Jamieson of Kingston, spent a few days in town last week.

Mrs. (Rev.) W. P. Reeve, Fall River, Mass., and son, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wright, Dundas street.

Mr. Geo. Shorey and Miss Shibley McKim have been visiting friends in Montreal.

Mrs. T. W. Huffman leaves this week for Seattle, Wash., where she will join her husband.

Rev. Father Hogan, of Napanee, attended the funeral of Archbishop Cleary on Tuesday.

Mr. Victoria Kirkpatrick succeeds Mr. Rogers as junior in the Dominion Bank here.

Mr. Robt. Miller, of Wilton, favored us with a call on Wednesday.

Mr. Robt. Magee, of the Pines, was in town on Wednesday and favored us with a call.

Mr. Geo. I. Perry was in Detroit this week.

Mrs. and Mrs. McCormick and John McGuiness, of Selly, left on Wednesday for Vancouver, B.C.

Mrs. Hannah McGreer returned this week from an extended visit with friends in London, Ont.

Miss Louise McGuiness is visiting friends in town.

Mr. Alf. Martin, of Moscow, favored us with a call on Thursday.

Mr. Fred Drewry, of Newburgh, was in town on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. McKenty, of Bath, were calling on friends in town on Thursday.

Mr. W. H. Monray, of Amherst Island, was in town this week and favored us with a call.

Mr. John McPetersen, of Bath, was in town on Tuesday night.

D. W. Allison, ex M.P., of Adolphustown, drove in to town on Tuesday night to hear the returns from the Province.

Mr. F. Arnott and Mr. Alex. Carr are attending the County Division of the sons of temperance in the County of Leeds as representatives of the Grand Division.

Mr. A. Baker, of Toronto, formerly in the furniture business in Napanee, spent a few days in town this week.

Mr. Jeremiah Storms has been quite ill for the past few weeks but is improving.

Mr. Wm. Gannon is now able to be out, and he is now almost completely recovered from the effects of his recent severe accident.

John Davy and daughter Miss Ada, of Napanee, are visiting friends at Tweed.

Among the successful students who passed the recent examinations at the Conservatory of Music Toronto, we noticed the name of Miss Mattie M. Macos, of Tamworth, who took first class honors in the Theatrical Department of the second year.

Mr. Harris, of the Dominion Bank, has been transferred to Toronto, his home. He left town on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Helen Allen returned to town on Monday after spending a month in Toronto.

Geo. Garrison Esq., of Moscow, was in town on business on Thursday.

Mrs. Finlay, Camden East, was in town on Thursday.

BIRTHS.

REYNOLDS—At Deseronto, on Feb. 28th, the wife of Mr. Wm. Reynolds, of a daughter.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL is prompt to relieve and sure to cure coughs, colds, sore throat, pain in the chest, hoarseness, quinsy, etc. Price 25c.

It is estimated that there are over one million deer in Ontario at present, or one fifth more than last year, owing to the protection given them by law.

Want to Keep Your Neuralgia? Of course you don't; so you should take Scott's Emulsion. It is a fact this remedy cures it; and it cures nervousness, nerve debility and insomnia also.

A careless mason dropped a brick from the second story of a building on which he was at work says an exchange. Learning over the wall and glancing downward, he discovered a respectable citizen with his silk hat jammed over his eyes, rising from a recumbent posture. The mason in tones of apprehension inquired, "Did that brick hit anyone down there?" The citizen, with great difficulty extricating himself from the extinguisher into which his hat had been converted, replied, with considerable wrath, "Yes sir, it did hit me."

"That's right," exclaimed the mason in tones of admiration, "a noble man, I would rather have wasted a thousand bricks than have you tell me a lie about it."

Mills, holy communion, 8 a.m.; St. Jude, Napanee Mills, evening service, 7 p.m.; St. Luke, Camden East, Lenten services each evening during the week at 7.30.

PARISH OF CAMDEN—Services Sunday next and following week. St. Luke's Camden East, Morning Prayer and Holy Communion 11 o'clock. St. Anthony, Yarker, 8 o'clock. St. John's, Newburgh, 9 o'clock. St. Jude's, Napanee Mills, Holy Communion 8 a.m. and Evensong service 7 p.m. St. Luke's, Camden East, Lenten service every evening at 7.30 during the week.

PARISH OF BATH AND MISSION OF ERNESTOWN 2nd Sunday in Lent: St. John's, Bath, 9.45 a.m., Sunday School; 11 a.m., matins with celebration; 7 p.m., evensong with sermon. St. Alban's, Odessa, 2.30, evensong with sermon. Thorpe School-house, 3 p.m., evensong with sermon. Week day services throughout lent: Tuesday at 7 p.m., Hawley school house; Thursday at 4 p.m., Thorpe school house; Thursday at 7 p.m., St. Alban's, Odessa; Wednesday and Friday at 11 a.m., and 7 p.m., St. John's, Bath. Mrs. Evans will render a solo, "The Holy City," in St. John's church on Sunday evening next, during the taking of the offertory.

E. T. EVANS, Rector of Bath, and Mission of Ernestown.

It is always the defeated side that holds 'boodle'.

A Picton hen hatched out eleven chickens last week while the thermometer registered 10 degrees below zero.

Osgoode Hall defeated Queen's Hockey Club last week, thus winning the senior championship of the O. H. A.

The Women's Missionary Society of the Western Methodist Church will hold an "At Home" at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Embury, on Thursday evening, March 10th. An excellent programme will be given. Everyone invited. Admission, 10c.

Mr. John W. Cheetham, who leaves for Chicago this week, where he has secured a lucrative position, was waited upon at the Paisley House on Wednesday evening by a number of his friends, who presented him with a handsome gold locket and a highly eulogistic address. After the presentation a pleasant evening was spent, and all joined in wishing "Jack," health, joy and prosperity in his new home.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at the Presbyterian Manse, Tamworth, on Wednesday, when Rev. Ballantyne united in the the holy bonds of matrimony J. H. Huggesson, of Chippewa, to Miss Mable E. Barton, of Sheffield. After the marriage ceremony the party, about 10 in number, repaired to the residence of J. W. Frair, where a sumptuous repast was prepared. They were serenaded for about half an hour by the Tamworth brass band after which the happy couple went on their way rejoicing.

At a recent women's meeting in New York after a number of delegates had made earnest addresses, a little woman in the rear of the hall arose, and, addressing the chair, said: "Madame President, I am tired of so many squeaky sopranos; I want to hear a man." The little woman voiced the soul hunger of the sex. They may meet and harangue and resolve, but when wearied with the burden of regulating the universe—and their duds—they "want to hear a man!"

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is the only safe, reliable monthly medicine on which ladies can depend in the hour and time of need. Is prepared in two degrees of strength. No. 1 for ordinary cases is by far the best dollar medicine known—sold by druggists, one Dollar per box. No. 2 for special cases—10 degrees stronger—sold by druggists. One box, Three Dollars; two boxes, Five Dollars. No. 1, or No. 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps.

The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont.

Sold in Napanee by all responsible druggists.

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Reliable man in every locality, local or traveling, to introduce a new discovery and keep our shore cards tucked upon trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment, commission or salary, \$3 month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars write The World Medical Electric Co., London Ont. 16-164